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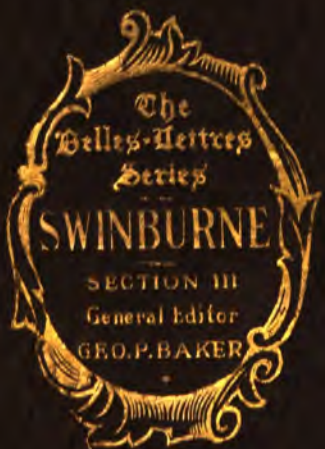
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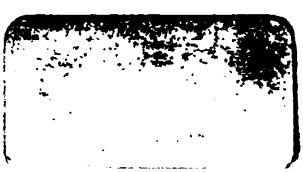

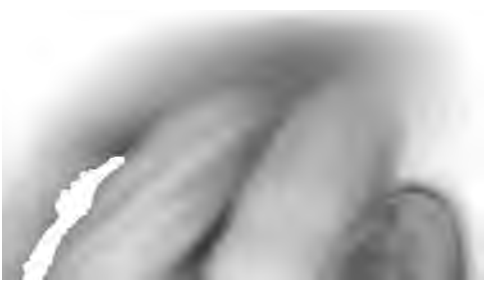

The Belles-Lettres Series

SECTION III

THE ENGLISH DRAMA

FROM ITS BEGINNING TO THE PRESENT DAY

GENERAL EDITOR

GEORGE PIERCE BAKER

PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH IN
HARVARD UNIVERSITY

MARY STUART

IN CAPTIVITY AT SHEFFIELD CASTLE
FROM THE PAINTING BY P. OUDRY IN THE COLLECTION OF THE
DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE K. G. AT HARDWICK HALL

MARY STUART

BY

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE

EDITED BY

WILLIAM MORTON PAYNE, LL.D.

ASSOCIATE EDITOR OF "THE DIAL"

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Prefatory Note

THE selection for the purposes of the *Belles-Lettres Series* of the play most strictly representative of Swinburne's dramatic work has been determined by the following considerations. *The Queen Mother* and *Rosamond* are out of the question because of their immaturity; *Atalanta in Calydon* and *Erechtheus* are put aside because of the fact that their proper classification is with the lyrical rather than with the dramatic group of his poems. There remain the *Mary Stuart* trilogy and the four later dramas. Since the trilogy is unquestionably Swinburne's dramatic masterwork, it must be represented, and (*Bothwell* being excluded by its great length) the choice must fall upon either *Chastelard* or *Mary Stuart*. The former of these plays is essentially a production of the poet's unchastened and exuberant youth, and consequently, despite the patent beauty of its poetic diction, must give place to the latter, which exemplifies the full ripeness of Swinburne's dramatic powers and the complete mastery of his poetical material. The fact, moreover, that the author has himself avowed the belief that he has never "written anything worthier" in its kind than *Mary Stuart* should confirm the justice of the selection. A further reason is incidentally provided by the fact that Schiller's treatment of the close of the career of the Queen of Scots is made the subject of much

study in school and college, a fact which makes it interesting to compare his treatment with that of Swinburne.

The present text follows the so-called second edition of 1899, which is, however, an unaltered reprint of the original edition of 1881.

W. M. P.

Biography

Algernon Charles Swinburne was born in London, April 5, 1837. He was the oldest child of Admiral Charles Henry Swinburne and Lady Jane Henrietta, daughter of the third Earl of Ashburnham. Both the Swinburne and the Ashburnham lineages are long and distinguished. The present head of the family is Sir John Edward Swinburne, sixth baronet, a first cousin of the poet. Algernon was educated at Eton and Balliol, but left Oxford without taking a degree. During his university years (1856–1860) he contributed to *Undergraduate Papers*, distinguished himself in French, Italian, and the classics, and began his life-long friendship with Morris, Rossetti, and Burne-Jones. His first book, *The Queen Mother and Rosamond*, was published in 1860, just after leaving the university. A visit to Italy the next year was made memorable by his meeting with Walter Savage Landor. Returning to England, he devoted himself to literary work, in 1865 won the applause of the judicious with his *Atalanta in Calydon* and *Chastelard*, and in 1866 took the public by storm with the famous first volume of *Poems and Ballads*. During the next twelve years he lived in London, and wrote industriously. The chief works of this period are *William Blake: A Critical Essay* (1868), *Songs before Sunrise* (1871), *Bothwell* (1874), *Essays and Studies* (1875), *Songs of Two Nations* (1875), *Erechtheus* (1876), and the second series of *Poems and Ballads* (1878). During these years in London he became intimately associated with Theodore Watts (now Watts-Dunton), and in 1879 accepted the invitation of that distinguished man of letters to share his home at Putney Hill, a London suburb. Here the poet has lived ever since, except for a few holiday excursions, and here he has produced the long succession of books that have added almost yearly to his ever-broadening fame. The principal titles are: *A Study of Shakespeare* (1880), *Songs of the Springtides* (1880), *Studies in Song* (1880), *Mary Stuart* (1881), *Tristram of Lyonesse* (1882), *A Century of Roundels* (1883), *A Midsummer Holiday* (1884), *Marino Faliero* (1885), *A Study of Victor*

Hugo (1886), *Miscellanies* (1886), *Locrine* (1887), a third series of *Poems and Ballads* (1889), *The Sisters* (1892), *Astrophel* (1894), *Studies in Prose and Poetry* (1894), *The Tale of Balen* (1896), *Rosamund, Queen of the Lombards* (1899), *A Channel Passage* (1904), and *Love's Cross Currents* (1905), a novel in epistolary form, published serially and pseudonymously in 1877, and written in the early sixties. The foregoing list omits several works of minor importance, and takes no account of a large amount of material still uncollected from the pages of the periodicals to which it was contributed. The poet has recently superintended a uniform reissue of his verse, the *Poems*, in six volumes, and the *Tragedies*, in five volumes. Of late years Swinburne has lived a somewhat secluded life, owing in large measure to the infirmity of deafness, but he retains his active interest in the historical happenings of the time.

Introduction

SWINBURNE is the author of eleven dramatic works, all tragedies, and all written in verse.[1] The list comprises: first, the two juvenile pieces, *The Queen Mother* and *Rosamond*, included in his earliest volume; second, *Atalanta in Calydon* and *Erechtheus*, his two reproductions of the Greek form; third, the colossal chronicle-trilogy which deals with the tragic fortunes of the Queen of Scots, and which consists of *Chastelard*, *Bothwell*, and *Mary Stuart*; and fourth, the tragedies of his later years, which are *Marino Faliero*, *Locrine*, *The Sisters*, and *Rosamund, Queen of the Lombards*. Of these eleven productions the two Greek studies, being essentially lyrical in spirit and accent, are grouped with the *Poems* in their author's classification of his works, while the remaining nine constitute the *Tragedies* in that classification, and occupy five of the eleven volumes which make up the new uniform edition of Swinburne's verse. It is an account of these nine tragedies that is now attempted.

In the *Dedicatory Epistle* of 1904, inscribing the new edition of his works to Theodore Watts-Dunton,

[1] Since this essay is given up exclusively to the study of Swinburne's dramatic verse, its readers may be referred, for a more comprehensive view of his work, and for those considerations which compel us to regard him as the greatest poet now living, to the present editor's *Introduction* to *Selected Poems by Algernon Charles Swinburne*, published in the section of the *Belles-Lettres Series* devoted to *Nineteenth Century Poets*.

his "best and dearest friend," Swinburne thus speaks of his first venture in dramatic composition: "My first if not my strongest ambition was to do something worth doing, and not utterly unworthy of a young countryman of Marlowe the teacher and Webster the pupil of Shakespeare, in a line of work which those three poets had left as a possibly unattainable example for ambitious Englishmen. And my first book, written while yet under academic or tutorial authority, bore evidence of that ambition in every line. I should be the last to deny that it also bore evidence of the fact that its writer had no more notion of dramatic or theatrical construction than the authors of *Tamburlaine the Great*, *King Henry VI*, and *Sir Thomas Wyatt*." This self-criticism seems a trifle severe as applied to *The Queen Mother*, which play, whatever its faults of mannerism, of obscurity or super-subtlety, of turgid diction, and of over-emphasis of its sensuous elements, is at least structurally coherent and dramatically effective in the Elizabethan manner. It preserves the unities of time and place, the scene being laid in Paris during the three days that culminated with the night of the massacre of St. Bartholomew, and many an Elizabethan play has less unity of action. *Rosamond*, which is also included in this first volume, is a much slighter affair. It is a dramatic sketch in five scenes, alternating between the king's palace at Shene and the bower at Woodstock, and dealing with the secret love of Henry II and the vengeance taken by his jealous queen. An interesting comparison might be made between this work and Tennyson's *Becket*, in which the same theme receives episodic treatment.

Swinburne's chief dramatic work is the great trilogy which occupied his attention for a score of years, and which has for its central figure the ill-starred Queen of Scots. Here was a subject magnificently fitted for tragic uses, and appealing with peculiar force to a poet whose own ancestors had fought and bled in the Stuart cause. And so the woman whose figure had been the "red star of boyhood's fiery thought" occupied the best years of the poet's manhood with an endeavor to set forth her varied fortunes in a drama of colossal plan, and to embody in the characterization something of the "love and wonder" with which her memory had inspired the "April age" of his youth. *Chastelard*, the first section of the trilogy, was published in 1865, but its writing dates, at least in part, from an earlier period. In his *Adieux à Marie Stuart*, written after the completion of the trilogy in 1881, Swinburne speaks of "the song . . . that took your praise up twenty years ago," and in the *Dedicatory Epistle* already mentioned he calls *Chastelard* a play "conceived and partly written by a youngster not yet emancipated from servitude to college rule." He further says, after disclaiming any ascription to his earlier volume of "power to grapple with the realities and subtleties of character and of motive," that in *Chastelard* "there are two figures and a sketch in which I certainly seem to see something of real and evident life."

The figures here referred to are, it is hardly necessary to state, those of the Queen and of the poet-lover who has come with her from France to Scotland,

while the sketch is that of Darnley. In the play, the Queen weds Darnley as an immediate consequence of her imagined discovery of Chastelard's unfaithfulness, whereas the historical fact is that the marriage did not take place until more than two years after the execution of Chastelard. The four women who are the personal attendants of Mary Stuart, and who are known in Scotch romance and minstrelsy as "the Queen's Maries," figure prominently in *Chastelard*, and the motive of the tragedy is provided by the Queen's belief that her lover has played her false with one of them. In a sense, the motive of the entire trilogy is thus provided, for this woman, Mary Beaton, loves Chastelard, although her affection is unrequited. And when, twenty-five years after his death, her mistress expiates upon the scaffold at Fotheringay the accumulated errors and crimes of a lifetime, the direct agency in bringing about the tragic consummation is this same Mary Beaton, who has for all these years in silent persistency guarded her secret and cherished her vengeful purpose. Chastelard meets his fate as a "verray parfit gentil knight," breathing no word of reproach upon the Queen's fame, and taking upon himself the entire burden of their common guilt. The closing scenes are dark with foreshadowings of what is to come in after years. Says the Queen, alone with her doomed lover for the last time :

> "I am quite sure
> I shall die sadly some day, Chastelard,
> I am quite certain." Act v, Scene 2.

And Chastelard :

> "Men must love you in life's spite;
> For you will always kill them, man by man
> Your lips will bite them dead; yea, though you would,
> You shall not spare them; all will die of you."
>
> Act v, Scene 2.

And Mary Beaton, pleading for Chastelard's life :

> "If you do slay him you are but shamed to death:
> All men will cry upon you, women weep,
> Turning your sweet name bitter with their tears;
> Red shame grow up out of your memory
> And burn his face that would speak well of you;
> You shall have no good word nor pity, none,
> Till some such end be fallen upon you."
>
> Act iv, Scene 1.

And the prayer of Mary Beaton, when the headsman has done his work, and the cry, "So perish the Queen's traitors!" goes up from the multitude, is this :

> "Yea, but so
> Perish the Queen! God do thus much to her
> For his sake only: yea, for pity's sake
> Do this much with her." Act v, Scene 3.

Thus the tragedy closes, heavy with the sense that somewhere in the dim future it will be complemented by another and more resounding tragedy, and the ends of a retributive justice be accomplished. It is evident that the entire trilogy was outlined in some shape in the poet's consciousness before the completion of this introductory section.

Bothwell, the second section of the trilogy, did not appear until 1874, which means that nearly ten of Swinburne's most virile years went to its composition.

It covers a period of a little more than two years, from March 9, 1566, to May 16, 1568, — that is, from the assassination of Rizzio to the escape of the Queen into England after the battle of Langside. The five acts are respectively entitled *David Rizzio*, *Bothwell*, *Jane Gordon*, *John Knox*, and *The Queen*. The first act deals with the conspiracy for the removal of the Queen's Italian favorite, and ends with his being dragged from her helpless presence to death at the hands of Darnley and his fellow assassins. In the second act, Bothwell, whose advent into the Queen's life had been ominously heralded at the very close of *Chastelard*, and whose ambitious passion for Mary was already kindled, although he had but recently been wedded to Jane Gordon, becomes the central figure. Nearly a year is covered by this act, and the events are the Queen's escape, with Bothwell's aid, from her self-constituted guardians, the flight and outlawry of Rizzio's slayers, the birth of the child who was afterwards to become James I of England, the investment of Bothwell with titles and estates, and the plot against Darnley, now hated by all parties alike for his treachery and double-dealing. The act ends with his ignominious death at his lonely lodgings in Kirk of Field. In the third act, Bothwell, who is denounced on every hand as the murderer of Darnley, is protected from popular vengeance by the Queen, who becomes more shameless than ever in her intercourse with him. Then follows his farcical trial and acquittal for lack of evidence, his further advancement in power and wealth, his divorce from Lady Jane Gordon, whom he had

wedded only the year before, his marriage with the Queen, his flight with her to the refuge of Borthwick Castle, the siege and capture of the castle by the confederated lords, and Bothwell's escape, followed by that of the Queen in the disguise of a page. The fourth act opens with the array of the opposing forces at Carberry Hill, followed by proposals and counter-proposals to settle the engagement by single combat, and the final agreement that Bothwell shall retire unmolested while the Queen remains a prisoner. Here, after a passionate scene of parting, Bothwell disappears from the Queen's sight forever, fleeing into exile, and imprisonment, and ignominy. The following scenes show us the Queen at Edinburgh in the hands of her captors, and John Knox in the High Street denouncing her in what is probably the longest uninterrupted speech to be found anywhere in dramatic literature, a speech of something like four hundred verses. At the close of this act the Queen is about to be conveyed to the island castle of Lochleven, which has been chosen as the safest available place for her bestowal. In the fifth act, we have the forced abdication of the Queen in favor of her infant son, and her consent to the regency of Murray, her half-brother. Then follows her escape from her island-prison, the rallying of her scattered friends to her defence, her final stand and disastrous defeat at Langside, her flight to the border, and her last view, standing on the shores of Solway Firth, of her native land. The closing words of the drama are those with which she goes into her life-long exile, and give expression, robed in the utmost magnificence of

poetic diction, to the passionate resolution with which she confronts the future, and looks to it for the requital of all the wrong that has been done her, and all the shame that has been wrought upon her during her seven years' sojourn in Scotland.

"Methinks the sand yet cleaving to my foot
Should not with no more words be shaken off,
Nor this my country from my parting eyes
Pass unsaluted; for who knows what year
May see us greet hereafter? Yet take heed,
Ye that have ears, and hear me; and take note,
Ye that have eyes, and see with what last looks
Mine own take leave of Scotland; seven years since
Did I take leave of my fair land of France,
My joyous mother, mother of my joy,
Weeping; and now with many a woe between
And space of seven years' darkness, I depart
From this distempered and unnatural earth
That casts me out unmothered, and go forth
On this gray sterile bitter gleaming sea
With neither tears nor laughter, but a heart
That from the softest temper of its blood
Is turned to fire and iron. If I live,
If God pluck not all hope out of my hand,
If aught of all mine prosper, I that go
Shall come back to men's ruin, as a flame
The wind bears down, that grows against the wind,
And grasps it with great hands, and wins its way,
And wins its will, and triumphs; so shall I
Let loose the fire of all my heart to feed
On these that would have quenched it. I will make
From sea to sea one furnace of the land,
Whereon the wind of war shall beat its wings
Till they wax faint with hopeless hope of rest,
And with one rain of men's rebellious blood
Extinguish the red embers. I will leave
No living soul of their blaspheming faith

Who war with monarchs: God shall see me reign
As he shall reign beside me, and his foes
Lie at my foot with mine; kingdoms and kings
Shall from my heart take spirit, and at my soul
Their souls be kindled to devour for prey
The people that would make its prey of them,
And leave God's altar stripped of sacrament
As all kings' heads of sovereignty, and make
Bare as their thrones his temples; I will set
Those old things of his holiness on high
That are brought low, and break beneath my feet
These new things of men's fashion; I will sit
And see tears flow from eyes that saw me weep,
And dust and ashes and the shadow of death
Cast from the block beneath the axe that falls
On heads that saw me humbled; I will do it,
Or bow mine own down to no royal end,
And give my blood for theirs if God's will be,
But come back never as I now go forth
With but the hate of men to track my way,
And not the face of any friend alive."

Thus ends a work which has the distinction of being not only the longest of Swinburne's dramas, but also the longest production of its class in the whole of English literature. The five acts are divided into sixty scenes, and comprise nearly fifteen thousand lines of blank verse. The *dramatis personae* number in the neighborhood of sixty, each one of whom is a character occupying a definite niche, if not a pedestal, in the history of that troublous time. The author's own comment upon *Bothwell* is as follows: "That ambitious, conscientious, and comprehensive piece of work is of course less properly definable as a tragedy than by the old Shakespearean term of a chronicle-history. . . . This

play of mine was not, I think, inaccurately defined as an epic drama in the French verses of dedication which were acknowledged by the greatest of all French poets in a letter from which I dare only quote one line of Olympian judgment and godlike generosity. 'Occuper ces deux cimes, cela n'est donné qu'à vous.' Nor will I refrain from the confession that I cannot think it an epic or a play in which any one part is sacrificed to any other, any subordinate figure mishandled or neglected or distorted or effaced for the sake of the predominant and central person. And though this has nothing or less than nothing to do with any question of poetic merit or demerit, of dramatic success or unsuccess, I will add that I took as much care and pains as though I had been writing or compiling a history of the period to do loyal justice to all the historic figures which came within the scope of my dramatic or poetic design. There is not one which I have designedly altered or intentionally modified: it is of course for others to decide whether there is one which is not the living likeness of an actual or imaginable man."

Before leaving *Bothwell* for a discussion of *Mary Stuart*, two contemporary judgments may be quoted, both framed within a year of its publication. E. C. Stedman said of it: "I agree with them who declare that Swinburne, by this massive and heroic composition, has placed himself in the front line of our poets, that no one can be thought his superior in true dramatic power. The work not only is large, but written in a large manner. It seems deficient in contrasts, especially needing the relief which humor, song, and

by-play afford to a tragic plot. But it is a great historical poem, cast in a dramatic rather than epic form, for the sake of stronger analysis and dialogue. Considered as a dramatic epic, it has no parallel, and is replete with proofs of laborious study and faithful use of the rich materials afforded by the theme. . . . *Bothwell* exhibits no excess but that of length, and no mannerism; on the contrary, a superb manner, and a ripe, pure, and majestic style." [1] J. A. Symonds wrote of it in these terms: "It is surely a wonderful work of art. I do not think anything greater has been produced in our age, in spite of its inordinate length and strange affectation of style. However, one reads one's self into a sympathy with his use of language, and then the sustained effort of thought and imagination is overpowering in its splendour. It seems to me the most virile exercise of the poetic power in combination with historic accuracy that our literature of this century can show." [2]

The completion of the dramatic trilogy is given us in *Mary Stuart*, which appeared in 1881. This drama is hardly more than one third the length of *Bothwell*, and requires only about half as many characters for its unfolding. When it opens, over eighteen years have elapsed since the Queen crossed Solway Firth, and she is now within a few months of her doom. Exactly stated, the period of the play is from August 4, 1586, to February 8, 1587. It opens with the Babington con-

[1] *Victorian Poets*, revised edition (1887), p. 406.

[2] *John Addington Symonds: A Biography*. H. F. Brown, p. 301.

spiracy — the last of the many plots against Elizabeth and the commonwealth to which the captive Queen set her hand — and deals in swift succession with the capture and punishment of the conspirators, the trial of Mary for complicity in their design, her conviction of blood-guiltiness, the hesitation of Elizabeth to give effect to the judgment thereupon pronounced, the eventual signing of the death-warrant, and the execution at Fotheringay Castle. The immediate motive of this tragic consummation is provided, as has already been stated, through the agency of Mary Beaton — that one of the Queen's Maries who had been her constant companion during all her years of triumph and defeat, in Scotland and in England. Mary Beaton has never forgotten that she loved Chastelard, and has never forgiven the Queen for allowing him to go to his execution without an effort to save him. As the years pass by, the sharpness of her desire to avenge his death becomes dulled, or rather that desire becomes transformed into a sort of prophetic sense — voiced over and over again in the tragic crises of the history — that she shall never leave the side of her mistress until the consequences of that deed shall somehow recoil upon the doer, and cause the Queen to expiate with her own life the bloodshed of her old-time lover. This attitude of passive expectation is maintained by Mary Beaton until near the end, when judgment has been pronounced upon the Queen, and her life is hanging in the balance. Then the old vengeful instinct stirs once more, and the maid tips the scale against her mistress. The means of vengeance are in her possession, for she has preserved for years a letter written in bitter mood by

Mary Stuart to Elizabeth and given to the maid to destroy —a letter recounting in the guise of friendly warning certain unspeakable allegations against Elizabeth's character gathered from the Countess of Shrewsbury. This letter (well known to historians as one of the documents in the case) is now despatched to Elizabeth, who is inflamed to fury upon reading it, and at once signs the death-warrant.

This invention, so richly justified by the artistic unity which it bestows upon the trilogy taken as a whole, is one of the very few departures that Swinburne has made from exact historical truth in dealing with the history of the Queen of Scots. He has not been guilty, he says, of "any conscious violation of historical chronology, except — to the best of my recollection — in two instances: the date of Mary's second marriage, and the circumstances of her last interview with John Knox. I held it as allowable to anticipate by two years the event of Darnley's nuptials, or in other words to postpone for two years the event of Chastelard's execution, as to compile or condense into one dramatic scene the details of more than one conversation recorded by Knox between Mary and himself." One has only to read Swinburne's memoir of Mary Stuart in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* to realize with what scrupulous care he has dramatized the facts of her career. The very fact that he should have been chosen as the man best fitted to prepare that memoir affords convincing evidence of the thoroughness of the historical scholarship which he brought to the writing of his greatest dramatic work.

The character of Mary Stuart has been, and will con-

tinue to be, one of the insoluble problems of history. The almost endless controversies of which it has been the subject are a natural consequence of the strong religious, political, and personal partisanships to which she and her cause excited the men of her own time. And these controversies still range men into opposing parties through the persistence of the passions which they involve. The documentary evidence, moreover, upon which determination of the points at issue must be founded, is hopelessly entangled in a mesh of forgery and fabrication and falsehood. Again, many matters of importance rest upon circumstantial evidence alone, for the dark statecraft of those days pursued devious ways, and was careful to conceal its tracks, as far as it was humanly possible so to do. In such a case the insight of the poet may well prove a safer reliance than the industry of the historian; at all events, the Mary Stuart that Swinburne has constructed for us is given the consistency of a product of the creative imagination, and this without doing any serious violence to the historical record. As an elaborate piece of portraiture it is artistically convincing, and at the same time it is based in every feature upon what is at least a reasonable interpretation of the disputed conditions.

Swinburne's conception of his heroine may best be illustrated by a few quotations from the trilogy. It is John Knox who thus describes her:

> "Her soul
> Is as a flame of fire, insatiable,
> And subtle as thin water; with her craft
> Is passion mingled so inseparably

That each gets strength from other, her swift wit
By passion being enkindled and made hot,
And by her wit her keen and passionate heart
So tempered that it burn itself not out,
Consuming to no end." *Bothwell*, Act I, Scene 2.

The Queen herself, in a scene with Bothwell, is moved by an approaching storm to this revealing utterance:

"I never loved the windless weather, nor
The dead face of the water in the sun;
I had rather the live wave leapt under me,
And fits of foam struck light on the dark air,
And the sea's kiss were keen upon my lip
And bold as love's and bitter; then my soul
Is a wave too that springs against the light
And beats and bursts with one great strain of joy
As the sea breaking. You said well, this light
Is like shed blood spilt here by drops and there
That overflows the red brims of the cloud
And stains the moving water: yet the waves
Pass, and the split light of the broken sun
Rests not upon them but a minute's space;
No longer should a deed, methinks, once done
Endure upon the life of memory
To stain the days thereafter with remorse
And mar the better seasons."
Bothwell, Act II, Scene 6.

In the following words, placed upon the lips of Sir Drew Drury, one of the nobler of her enemies, we may clearly read Swinburne's own estimate of Mary Stuart's character:

"Nay, myself
Were fain to see this coil wound up, and her
Removed that makes it: yet such things will pluck
Hard at men's hearts that think on them, and move

Compassion that such long strange years should find
So strange an end: nor shall men ever say
But she was born right royal; full of sins,
It may be, and by circumstance or choice
Dyed and defaced with bloody stains and black,
Unmerciful, unfaithful, but of heart
So fiery high, so swift of spirit and clear,
In extreme danger and pain so lifted up,
So of all violent things inviolable,
So large of courage, so superb of soul,
So sheathed with iron mind invincible
And arms unbreached of fire-proof constancy —
By shame not shaken, fear or force or death,
Change, or all confluence of calamities —
And so at her worst need beloved, and still
Naked of help and honour when she seemed,
As other women would be, and of hope
Stripped, still so of herself adorable
By minds not always all ignobly mad
Nor all made poisonous with false grain of faith,
She shall be a world's wonder to all time,
A deadly glory watched of marvelling men
Not without praise, not without noble tears,
And if without what she would never have
Who had it never, pity — yet from none
Quite without reverence and some kind of love
For that which was so royal."

Mary Stuart, Act IV, Scene 2.

This conception of Mary's character is reinforced by many passages in Swinburne's *Britannica* memoir, and in his *Note on the Character of Mary Queen of Scots*, both printed in the volume of prose *Miscellanies*. Himself a partisan of the Queen in respect of those traits which are admirable in themselves wherever found, her defender as far as consistency with the belief that her crimes were great and her doom righteous permits, he

has only scorn for those who defend her at the expense of her intelligence and courage. "To vindicate her from the imputations of her vindicators" is his purpose, implicit in the trilogy, clearly expressed in the vigorous prose which serves the poem by way of appendix. Whatever opinion a rational mind may form concerning the Queen of Scots, it cannot possibly be such an opinion as her more zealous champions entertain, as embodied in the theorem "that a woman whose intelligence was below the average level of imbecility, and whose courage was below the average level of a coward's, should have succeeded throughout the whole course of a singularly restless and adventurous career in imposing herself upon the judgment of every man and every woman with whom she ever came into any sort or kind of contact, as a person of the most brilliant abilities and the most dauntless daring." And yet to some such position as this those are driven who contend that she had no complicity in the murder of Darnley, that she was forced into the marriage with Bothwell by "an unscrupulous oligarchy," and that she was innocent of the plots to strike at the life of Elizabeth. Swinburne's final word upon the whole subject may be found in the following passages: "For her own freedom of will and of way, of passion and of action, she cared much; for her creed she cared something, for her country she cared less than nothing." "Considered from any possible point of view, the tragic story of her life in Scotland admits but of one interpretation which is not incompatible with the impression she left on all friends and all foes alike. And this interpretation is simply that she hated Darnley

with a passionate but justifiable hatred, and loved Bothwell with a passionate but pardonable love. For the rest of her career I cannot but think that whatever was evil and ignoble in it was the work of education or of circumstance; whatever was good and noble, the gift of nature or of God."

It is not likely that Swinburne's full-length portraiture of the Queen of Scots, as exhibited in the trilogy taken as a whole, will ever be rivalled. He has done the work once for all, with such subtlety of delineation, firmness of grasp, and breadth of historical outlook, as to discourage any future attempt to deal with the same subject in an imaginative way. Past attempts of this sort have been numerous, but the best of them by comparison are fragmentary and inadequate. Scott, in *The Abbot*, dealt only with the episode of Lochleven Castle and its immediate consequences; Alfieri, in *Maria Stuarda*, with the murder of Darnley alone, seeking to clear the Queen of complicity in that crime; Schiller, in *Maria Stuart*, with the closing days of her life in Fotheringay Castle; and Björnson, in *Maria Stuart i Skotland*, with the period from the assassination of Rizzio to the marriage with Bothwell. These are the most important of the earlier works that have chosen Mary Stuart for imaginative treatment, but great as are the names attached to them, they sink into insignificance when compared with the colossal production which is the crowning work of Swinburne's life.

After the completion of *Mary Stuart*, Swinburne turned his attention to a subject already distinguished in English poetry by Byron's treatment, and pro-

duced (1885) the five-act tragedy of *Marino Faliero*, his most important dramatic work, aside from the trilogy above described. In choosing this subject he was perhaps to some extent actuated by the impulse which impelled Turner to bestow upon the National Gallery at London two of his finest works, upon the condition that they should be hung with two of the masterpieces of Claude Lorraine, that all the world might note how the English artist excelled the French in his own special domain. Swinburne's work as easily excels that of Byron in all points except possibly that of fitness for stage presentation, and not much may be claimed for either play upon that score. Byron was at his weakest in blank verse and in the construction of tragedy, while in these directions Swinburne puts forth his greatest strength. Since the subject of this tragedy has the additional advantage of engaging the republican sympathy and impassioned ardor in the worship of freedom which color and season all of Swinburne's work, it is not strange that his *Marino Faliero* should be an entirely noble and inspiring creation.

The historical facts have been closely followed. The insult to the young and fair wife of the Doge, the trivial sentence passed upon the offender, the ungovernable passion of Faliero when he learns of this, the proffered and accepted leadership in the popular conspiracy and the arrest of those implicated, and the final judgment pronounced upon the noble traitor, successively claim the reader's attention. That which is characteristic of Swinburne's presentation, and which, in fact, affords the keynote of his conception, is the

attitude of Faliero when reason resumes its sway over his mind, and when calm reflection justifies with him the course which passion has initiated. The opportunity for revenge being offered him at the very hour when he has learned how lightly the patrician tribunal holds the insult done him, he eagerly grasps it, regardless of the future; but afterwards, when the personal motives which prompt him have lost their force with the subsidence of his anger, he is held to his course by a vivid realization of the sufferings of the Venetian people at the hands of a corrupt and unscrupulous oligarchy. The mere traitor that an hour's passion has made of him becomes merged in the liberator of the republic from its oppressors. To effect this transition in such a way as to attach the sympathy of the reader to Faliero's fortunes at the last was the most difficult and delicate part of the poet's task. Without discussing the historical justice of this conception, it must be admitted that its artistic success is brilliant. In the scene which precedes the failure of the conspiracy, as well as in the judgment scene and that which follows it, the person of Faliero becomes transfigured, and the divine halo of the deliverer invests him with its radiance.

The closing scenes rise to a poetic height that even Swinburne does not often reach. These are the words of Faliero to his nephew, keeping watch with him through the night that precedes the projected uprising:

> "And this do thou
> Know likewise, and hold fast, that if to-day
> Dawn rise not, but the darkness drift us down,
> And leave our hopes as wrecks and waifs despised

Of men that walk by daylight, not with us
Shall faith decline from earth or justice end,
Or freedom, which if dead should bid them die,
Rot, though the works and very names of us,
And all the fruit we looked for, nipped of winds
And gnawn of worms, and all the stem that bore,
And all the root, wax rotten. Here shall be
Freedom, or never in this time-weary world
Justice, nor ever shall the sunrise know
A sight to match the morning, nor the sea
Hear from the sound of living souls on earth,
Free as her foam, and righteous as her tides,
Just, equal, aweless, perfect, even as she,
A word to match her music." Act IV, Scene 1.

This prophecy of the resurrection of Italy becomes even more explicit in the later scene in which Faliero, with the vision that comes to men in their dying hour, foretells the advent of Mazzini, of

"The man
Supreme of spirit, and perfect, and unlike
Me: for the tongue that bids dark death arise,
The hand that takes dead freedom by the hand
And lifts up living, others these must be
Than mine, and others than the world, I think,
Shall bear till men wax worthier." Act V, Scene 2.

Faliero's last words are these:

"Be not faint of heart:
I go not as a base man goes to death,
But great of hope: God cannot will that here
Some day shall spring not freedom: nor perchance
May we, long dead, not know it, who died of love
For dreams that were and truths that were not. Come.
Bring me but toward the landing whence my soul
Sets sail, and bid God speed her forth to sea."
Act V, Scene 2.

Thus ends a masterpiece of dramatic blank verse such as no other English poet of the nineteenth century — save only Shelley in *The Cenci* — has surpassed or even equalled. Compared with the chronicle-history of the Queen of Scots, it even has a certain advantage as poetry, because its action is not impeded by the necessity of faithfulness to the *minutiae* of the historical situation.

Nor does any such impediment exist in the case of *Locrine* (1887), the dramatic successor of *Marino Faliero*. There is no tangibility whatever to the legendary material upon which this drama is based, unless we allow something of that quality to have been bestowed upon it by *Comus*, or by the anonymous Elizabethan play once absurdly attributed to Shakespeare :

> " Dead fancy's ghost, not living fancy's wraith,
> Is now the storied sorrow that survives
> Faith in the record of these lifeless lives."
>
> *Dedication*, VIII.

The story is that of Locrine, the mythical King of Britain, and his secret love for Estrild, his " Scythian concubine." It is the dramatic situation of *Rosamond* over again, with the difference that the jealous queen, instead of privately doing away with her rival, gathers an army and makes war upon her unfaithful spouse. In the end, Locrine is slain, Estrild stabs herself, and their daughter Sabrina plunges into the Severn. The character of this maiden dear to many English poets, this

> " Virgin, daughter of Locrine,
> Sprung from old Anchises' line,"

is delineated with loving tenderness, and hers is the figure that lingers longest in the memory. *Locrine*

occupies a unique place among Swinburne's tragedies on account of its form. It is written, not in blank verse, but in a variety of rhymed pentameters. One scene is a succession of twelve sonnets, broken only by a passage of interwoven rhymes; other scenes are in heroic couplets, and still others in *ottava* and *terza rima*. It is a task of curious interest to trace these various rhyming combinations through the drama, and perhaps no other work of Swinburne is as remarkable for its technical wizardry.

Five years elapsed before Swinburne produced another play, and when *The Sisters* (1892) appeared, it proved surprisingly unlike any of its predecessors. It is a domestic drama of the early nineteenth century, enacted in an English country-house. The hero is a youthful soldier just returned from Waterloo. The two sisters are in love with him, and when he has declared himself for one of them, the other poisons both him and her successful rival. There is a play within the play, for the entire fourth act is given up to an Italian dramatic interlude performed by the leading characters in the larger work. This miniature tragedy, which supplies the suggestion for the tragedy that is realized in the closing act of *The Sisters*, is written in the author's characteristic vein of heightened poetic diction; the rest of the work which includes it is written in a simple and colloquial style which precludes the display of poetic power. *The Sisters* is more successful as a play than as a poem, for it exhibits the essentially dramatic instinct that grasps to the full the dramatic possibilities of each moment of the action, and that determines the

succession of events with clear sight of the coming climax. The author himself speaks of it as "the only modern English play I know in which realism in the reproduction of natural dialogue and accuracy in the representation of natural intercourse between men and women of gentle birth and breeding have been found or made compatible with expression in genuine if simple blank verse." Nevertheless, *The Sisters* must be regarded as the least significant of Swinburne's dramas, and as a production almost unworthy of his genius.

Rosamund, Queen of the Lombards (1899), is the last in the series of Swinburne's tragedies. He speaks of it as based on "a subject long since mishandled by an English dramatist of all but the highest rank, and one which in later days Alfieri had commemorated in a magnificent passage of a wholly unhistoric and somewhat unsatisfactory play." The works here referred to are Middleton's *The Witch* and Alfieri's *Rosmunda*. The *Rosmunda* of Giovanni Rucellai, a much earlier work, might have been added to this list. The historical framework of all these tragedies may most conveniently be found in Gibbon, in whose pages we read how Rosamund, daughter of the Gepidæ, espoused Alboin, the slayer of her father, how she was forced by her husband to drink wine from her father's skull, and how this founder of the Lombard kingdom fell by the hand of an assassin, whose deed was instigated by the treachery of the queen, taking thus a long-delayed vengeance for her father's death. It is a grim tale, and Swinburne has invested it with all the pity, terror, and tragic irony which it demands. The diction of this drama is marked

by severe restraint, which extends also, by implication at least, to the demeanor, to the very gesture, of the actors concerned. The brooding storm of passion is felt, rather than heard or seen, but the reader is not unprepared for the supreme moment in which it breaks. The inevitable fate of both king and queen is so foreshadowed that when it comes upon them in one swift last moment of the action, the spirit is not so much aroused as calmed, and echoes the words with which, as with the final chorus of a Greek tragedy, the outcome is characterized in this single verse:

"Let none make moan. This doom is none of man's."

It is a far cry from the *Rosamond* of Swinburne's first volume to this *Rosamund* of his ripened years. Although the poet's outlook upon life has remained substantially unchanged, and the leading ideas of his youth are the ideas to which he still gives expression, the passing years have by imperceptible degrees so transformed his style that an effective contrast may be made between his earlier and his later manner. Here speaks the Rosamond of 1861:

"Fear is a cushion for the feet of love,
Painted with colours for his ease-taking;
Sweet red, and white with wasted blood, and blue
Most flower-like, and the summer-spousèd green
And sea-betrothed soft purple and burnt black.
All coloured forms of fear, omen, and change,
Sick prophecy and rumours lame at heel,
Anticipations and astrologies,
Perilous inscription and recorded note,
All these are covered in the skirt of love,
And when he shakes it these are tumbled forth,
Beaten and blown i' the dusty face of the air." Act 1.

The *Rosamund* of 1899 yields the following passage:

> "*Rosamund.* Kiss me. Who knows how long the lord of life
> May spare us time for kissing? Life and love
> Are less than change and death.
>
> *Albovine.* What ghosts are they?
> So sweet thou never wast to me before.
> The woman that is God — the God that is
> Woman — the sovereign of the soul of man,
> Our fathers' Freia, Venus crowned in Rome,
> Has lent my love her girdle; but her lips
> Have robbed the red rose of its heart, and left
> No glory for the flower beyond all flowers
> To bid the spring be glad of." Act III.

Here is a contrast indeed! The exuberance, the color, the overwrought imagery, the verbal affluence, the Shakespearean diction, of the earlier work have vanished, and in their place we have sheer simplicity of vocabulary, passion intimated rather than expressed, imagery reduced to bare metaphor, and a diction well-nigh shorn of all mannerisms. Noting the vocabulary alone, the later passage offers only half as many words of more than one syllable as are found in the earlier extract. Here is a still more striking example of the reduction of vocabulary to its lowest terms:

> "I take thine oath. I bid not thee take heed
> That I or thou or each of us at once,
> Couldst thou play false, may die: I bid thee think
> Thy bride will die, shamed. Swear me not again
> She shall not: all our trust is set on thee.
> What eyes and ears are keen about us here
> Thou knowest not. Love, my love and thine for her,
> Shall deafen and shall blind them." Act II.

In this passage there are seventy-four words, and all but three of them are monosyllables. Swinburne has often been charged with a lack of restraint; the charge is fairly justified by some of his earlier poems, but it assuredly does not lie against the dramatic work of his maturer years. *Rosamund* exemplifies the very extreme of poetic restraint.

The blank verse in which Swinburne's tragedies (with the exception of *Locrine*) are cast is as distinctively his own as it is possible for such verse to be. A dramatic poet so steeped in the work of his predecessors could hardly escape an occasional echo, and the Elizabethan influence is manifest (although in ever-decreasing degree) throughout his work. In his immature first volume, that influence produces such lines as these:

> "We are so more than poor,
> The dear'st of all our spoil would profit you
> Less than mere losing; so most more than weak
> It were but shame for one to smite us, who
> Could but weep louder."
>
> *The Queen Mother*, Act I, Scene I.

This is nothing less than Shakespearean mimicry, and other passages may be found that catch the very trick of Fletcher or of Marlowe. Scattered through the Mary Stuart trilogy we may find countless examples of phrases turned in the Elizabethan manner, as well as lines that bring to mind such modern poets as Shelley and Browning. Nevertheless, the style of the poet taken as a whole is individual, and, whatever doubt one might entertain concerning the authorship of a single line or a brief extract, one could have no doubt

whatever of a whole page, any more than one could be puzzled by a page of Browning or of Tennyson. And this dramatic style, which reaches its highest level in *Bothwell* and *Mary Stuart* and *Marino Faliero*, although often too involved and elliptical to make the easiest of reading, has a beauty of cadence, a gravity of movement, and a nobility of diction that may be matched only in the work of the greater English poets.

Dramatic poetry must be judged according to the degree of its excellence in the three elements of style, characterization, and construction. Of the style of Swinburne's tragedies something has just been said, and the foregoing discussion of the separate works has brought forward the most conspicuous examples of his skill in portraiture. His delineation of Mary Stuart is a masterpiece of subtle penetration into the inmost recesses of a complex nature, and his conception of the historical figures by which hers is surrounded affords further evidence of his insight into character. His constructive powers, while perhaps most clearly exhibited in the dramas whose subject-matter gave him a comparatively free hand, were put to their severest test in the historical trilogy, and there achieved their most signal triumph. To give artistic symmetry to each of the separate sections of that work, and artistic unity to the whole, while keeping the historical facts — even of the minuter sort — all the time strictly in view, was a task to daunt the most courageous, and its successful performance must be reckoned among the most remarkable feats in our dramatic literature.

In the *Dedicatory Epistle* which prefaces his collected poems, and from which numerous quotations have already been made in the present Introduction, Swinburne says this of his plays as a whole: "Charles Lamb, as I need not remind you, wrote for antiquity: nor need you be assured that when I write plays it is with a view to their being acted at the Globe, the Red Bull, or the Black Friars." It is certain that they are not likely to be acted elsewhere, under the conditions at present surrounding the English-speaking stage, although a private performance of *Locrine* was given in London a few years ago, and other tentative and experimental performances may occasionally be brought about. It is interesting to inquire why these works, and other works of their class, should not be put upon the stage. To this inquiry there are two widely different answers. The simplest of them, while a superficial answer, begging the question at issue, is found satisfying to many writers upon the drama. It is that these works are unfitted for the stage. This is true, no doubt; nevertheless, the answer which the question demands must be given from a very different point of view, and should inform us that the stage — the English stage — has unfitted itself for the production of these plays, or of any plays having a serious literary value. In other words, the stage, turning away from its great early tradition, and becoming more and more a vehicle of mere entertainment, less and less a medium for the investment of exalted ideals with the trappings of actuality, has during the last century done its best to divorce itself from literature, with a degree of success

of which its present pitiable estate affords convincing evidence. English dramatic poets, on the other hand, finding themselves unwelcome in the playhouse, have ceased to heed its requirements, and have written their plays with an eye to the satisfaction of the reader alone.

There has thus appeared in English poetry the singular phenomenon of the closet drama — a species of composition which does not exist in any other modern literature to anything like the same extent. For several generations now the playhouse and the poet have been completely at odds, with the curious result that our acting plays are devoid of literary quality, while the closet drama absorbs all the energies of the men to whom we should rightly look for the rehabilitation of the theatre. Swinburne, writing of his own *Marino Faliero*, shows a clear comprehension of the contrast between past and present conditions, when he says that this work, "hopelessly impossible as it is from the point of view of modern stagecraft, could hardly have been found too untheatrical, too utterly given over to thought without action, by the audiences which endured and applauded the magnificent monotony of Chapman's eloquence — the fervent and inexhaustible declamation which was offered and accepted as a substitute for study of character and interest of action when his two finest plays, if plays they can be called, found favour with an incredibly intelligent and an inconceivably tolerant audience." This comparison is possibly a little forced, and is not altogether ingenuous, for Chapman's plays were hardly as successful as Swinburne would have us believe, and what success they

had must be attributed in large measure to the melodramatic action which offsets their copious philosophizing. But as a protest against the narrowness of "modern stagecraft," the plea at least deserves a respectful hearing.

We must admit the closet drama to be a fact in the development of modern English literature, but we may doubt the wisdom of calling it a "heresy," as Professor Brander Matthews does, or of saying with him that "by the ill-advised action of certain English poets the breach between the stage and the men-of-letters was made to appear wider than it ought to have been." An action could not be ill-advised that was absolutely necessary if the dignity of a great literary form was to be preserved, and the "unactable dramatic poems" of Tennyson and Browning and Swinburne, besides being a rich present contribution to literature, may quite possibly at some future time come to be regarded as having exerted a powerful indirect influence upon the restoration of the English stage to its once forfeited estate. These men may then be honored for having kept the faith, instead of being censured, as they now are, for refusing to make terms with a narrow and degraded dramaturgy.

The chief tendency of the modern acting drama has been toward the development of a refined technique, and no one will deny that this is a praiseworthy aim. But technique cannot provide the substance of any art, and a play may be a technical masterpiece, yet fail lamentably in its ultimate purpose. The playwright bent upon technique is in danger of sacrificing beauty

and truth and vitality to the requirements of mere stagecraft. Most modern dramatists have succumbed in some degree to this danger, and English dramatists more than others. Our average play-goer, fed all his life upon dramatic husks, finds himself at a loss in the presence of serious drama; his faculties have become atrophied and his senses dulled. The only play that gives him any pleasure is the one in which something new (and, by preference, something unexpected) happens at every moment, the play which tickles his palate as with condiments, the play which makes no demands upon the reflective side of his nature. His is the verdict by which the closet drama is condemned, and its advocates are fairly warranted in appealing to the judgment of a higher tribunal.

If we seek for the exact reason why such plays as these of Swinburne may not hope to meet with favor in the actual playhouse, it will be found in the fact that they have too much declamation and too little action for the taste of the play-goer. But for Elizabethan audiences, as Swinburne has pointed out, long speeches were no hindrance to enjoyment, and a similar remark may be made of the audiences for whom Corneille and Racine wrote plays in the great age of the French theatre. And it is surely something more than tolerant endurance that a modern French audience accords to these classics, or a modern German audience accords to *Torquato Tasso* and *Nathan der Weise*. If our own stage had not lost almost all contact with literature, it would make a much larger and more intelligent use of our classics than it now does, and might

even unearth many a treasure now buried in the libraries and known only to the student of literature.

The upshot of these considerations seems to be that our stage, being controlled by a low, or at least a limited, sort of dramatic intelligence, is primarily responsible for the existence of the closet drama. And yet the great popularity of such plays as Knowles's *Virginius* and Bulwer's *Richelieu* shows that the poetic form offers no insuperable barrier to public favor, while the more modest but still distinctly pronounced success of Browning's *A Blot in the 'Scutcheon* and Tennyson's *Becket* gives evidence that the highest poetic genius may sometimes be something more than tolerated by our theatre-going audiences. The success with which such minor dramas as Milman's *Fazio* and Talfourd's *Ion* have occasionally been presented provides an encouraging subject for reflection, and the contemporary applause which has greeted the poetic dramas of Stephen Phillips is an augury of excellent omen. If these plays have found a public from time to time, why may we not expect that a public of some sort may yet be found for Shelley's *The Cenci* and Landor's *Count Julian* and Browning's *Strafford* and Tennyson's *Harold* — even for Swinburne's *Mary Stuart* and *Marino Faliero?* At all events, the works named in this paragraph are sufficient to make clear the fact that there is no hard and fast line between the drama of the stage and the drama of the closet, that it is possible to pass by nearly insensible gradations from the most obviously actable of plays to those that appear most remote from the practical requirements of the playhouse.

Nor does it seem altogether unreasonable to hope that English audiences may gradually acquire enough of the seriousness and artistic conscience of German and French audiences to bring more and more of the dramas now neglected within the margin of actability, and to annex to the empire of the stage much of that province of dramatic literature which is at present explored by readers alone. When that change of heart is experienced, the drama may once more occupy its rightful position in English literature, and again become — what it has never ceased to be in the literature of Continental Europe — a manifestation of the deepest consciousness of the race, and an embodiment of its highest idealism.

W. M. Payne.

Mary Stuart

A Tragedy

ἀντὶ μὲν ἐχθρᾶς γλώσσης ἐχθρὰ
γλῶσσα τελείσθω· τοὐφειλόμενον
πράσσουσα δίκη μέγ' ἀΰτεῖ·
ἀντὶ δὲ πληγῆς φονίας φονίαν
πληγὴν τινέτω· δράσαντι παθεῖν,
τριγέρων μῦθος τάδε φωνεῖ.

ÆSCH. *Cho.* 309–315

SOURCES

A considerable portion of this drama consists of fairly close paraphrase from the contemporary sources of the history of Mary Stuart. The more significant passages of this character are indicated in the *Notes*. The greater part of the material that Swinburne has thus used may be found in the *State Trials*, in Labanoff's *Recueil des Lettres, Instructions, et Mémoires de Marie Stuart, Reine d'Ecosse*, and in the *Letter Book* of Sir Amias Paulet.

I DEDICATE THIS PLAY,
NO LONGER, AS THE FIRST PART OF THE TRILOGY
WHICH IT COMPLETES WAS DEDICATED,
TO THE GREATEST EXILE, BUT SIMPLY
TO THE GREATEST MAN OF FRANCE:
TO THE CHIEF OF LIVING POETS:
TO THE FIRST DRAMATIST OF HIS AGE:
TO MY BELOVED AND REVERED MASTER

VICTOR HUGO.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MARY STUART.
MARY BEATON.
QUEEN ELIZABETH.
BARBARA MOWBRAY.
LORD BURGHLEY.
SIR FRANCIS WALSINGHAM.
WILLIAM DAVISON.
ROBERT DUDLEY, *Earl of Leicester.*
GEORGE TALBOT, *Earl of Shrewsbury.*
EARL OF KENT.
HENRY CAREY, *Lord Hunsdon.*
SIR CHRISTOPHER HATTON.
SIR THOMAS BROMLEY, *Lord Chancellor.*
POPHAM, *Attorney-General.*
EGERTON, *Solicitor-General.*
GAWDY, *The Queen's Sergeant.*
SIR AMYAS PAULET.
SIR DREW DRURY.
SIR THOMAS GORGES.
SIR WILLIAM WADE.
SIR ANDREW MELVILLE.
ROBERT BEALE, *Clerk of the Council.*
CURLE *and* NAU, *Secretaries to the Queen of Scots.*
GORION, *her Apothecary.*
FATHER JOHN BALLARD,
ANTHONY BABINGTON,
CHIDIOCK TICHBORNE,
JOHN SAVAGE,
CHARLES TILNEY,
EDWARD ABINGTON,
THOMAS SALISBURY,
ROBERT BARNWELL, } *Conspirators.*
THOMAS PHILLIPPS, *Secretary to* WALSINGHAM.
M. DE CHÂTEAUNEUF.
M. DE BELLIÈVRE.

Commissioners, Privy Councillors, Sheriffs, Citizens, Officers, and Attendants.

Time — FROM AUGUST 14, 1586, TO FEBRUARY 18, 1587.

ACT I

ANTHONY BABINGTON

ACT I.

SCENE I. — *Babington's Lodging: a veiled picture on the wall.*

Enter Babington, Tichborne, Tilney, Abington, Salisbury, and Barnwell.

Babington. Welcome, good friends, and welcome this good day
That casts out hope and brings in certainty
To turn raw spring to summer. Now not long
The flower that crowns the front of all our faiths
Shall bleach to death in prison; now the trust
That took the night with fire as of a star
Grows red and broad as sunrise in our sight
Who held it dear and desperate once, now sure,
But not more dear, being surer. In my hand
I hold this England and her brood, and all
That time out of the chance of all her fate
Makes hopeful or makes fearful: days and years,
Triumphs and changes bred for praise or shame
From the unborn womb of these unknown, are ours
That stand yet noteless here; ours even as God's
Who puts them in our hand as his, to wield
And shape to service godlike. None of you

But this day strikes out of the scroll of death
And writes apart immortal; what we would,
That have we; what our fathers, brethren, peers,
Bled and beheld not, died and might not win,
That may we see, touch, handle, hold it fast,
May take to bind our brows with. By my life,
I think none ever had such hap alive
As ours upon whose plighted lives are set
The whole good hap and evil of the state
And of the Church of God and world of men
And fortune of all crowns and creeds that hang
Now on the creed and crown of this our land,
To bring forth fruit to our resolve, and bear
What sons to time it please us; whose mere will
Is father of the future.

Tilney. Have you said?

Bab. I cannot say too much of so much good.

Til. Say nothing then a little, and hear one while:
Your talk struts high and swaggers loud for joy,
And safely may perchance, or may not, here;
But why to-day we know not.

Bab. No, I swear,
Ye know not yet, no man of us but one,
No man on earth; one woman knows, and I,
I that best know her the best begot of man
And noblest; no king born so kingly-souled,
Nor served of such brave servants.

Tichborne. What, as we?
Bab. Is there one vein in one of all our hearts
That is not blown aflame as fire with air
With even the thought to serve her? and, by God,
They that would serve had need be bolder found
Than common kings find servants.
Salisbury. Well, your cause?
What need or hope has this day's heat brought forth
To blow such fire up in you?
Bab. Hark you, sirs;
The time is come, ere I shall speak of this,
To set again the seal on our past oaths
And bind their trothplight faster than it is
With one more witness; not for shameful doubt,
But love and perfect honour. Gentlemen,
Whose souls are brethren sealed and sworn to mine,
Friends that have taken on your hearts and hands
The selfsame work and weight of deed as I,
Look on this picture; from its face to-day
Thus I pluck off the muffled mask, and bare
Its likeness and our purpose. Ay, look here;
None of these faces but are friends of each,
None of these lips unsworn to all the rest,
None of these hands unplighted. Know ye not
What these have bound their souls to? and myself,

I that stand midmost painted here of all,
Have I not right to wear of all this ring
The topmost flower of danger? Who but I
Should crown and close this goodly circle up
Of friends I call my followers? There ye stand,
Fashioned all five in likeness of mere life,
Just your own shapes, even all the man but speech,
As in a speckless mirror; Tichborne, thou,
My nearest heart and brother next in deed,
Then Abington, there Salisbury, Tilney there,
And Barnwell, with the brave bright Irish eye
That burns with red remembrance of the blood
Seen drenching those green fields turned brown and grey
Where fire can burn not faith out, nor the sword
That hews the boughs off lop the root there set
To spread in spite of axes. Friends, take heed;
These are not met for nothing here in show
Nor for poor pride set forth and boastful heart
To make dumb brag of the undone deed, and wear
The ghost and mockery of a crown unearned
Before their hands have wrought it for their heads
Out of a golden danger, glorious doubt,
An act incomparable, by all time's mouths
To be more blessed and cursed than all deeds done

In this swift fiery world of ours, that drives
On such hot wheels toward evil goals or good,
And desperate each as other; but that each,
Seeing here himself and knowing why here, may set
His whole heart's might on the instant work, and hence
Pass as a man rechristened, bathed anew
And swordlike tempered from the touch that turns
Dull iron to the two-edged fang of steel
Made keen as fire by water; so, I say,
Let this dead likeness of you wrought with hands
Whereof ye wist not, working for mine end
Even as ye gave them work, unwittingly,
Quicken with life your vows and purposes
To rid the beast that troubles all the world
Out of men's sight and God's. Are ye not sworn
Or stand not ready girt at perilous need
To strike under the cloth of state itself
The very heart we hunt for?

Tich. Let not then
Too high a noise of hound and horn give note
How hot the hunt is on it, and ere we shoot
Startle the royal quarry; lest your cry
Give tongue too loud on such a trail, and we
More piteously be rent of our own hounds
Than he that went forth huntsman too, and came
To play the hart he hunted.

Bab. Ay, but, see,
Your apish poet's-likeness holds not here,
If he that fed his hounds on his changed flesh
Was charmed out of a man and bayed to death
But through pure anger of a perfect maid;
For she that should of huntsmen turn us harts
Is Dian but in mouths of her own knaves,
And in paid eyes hath only godhead on
And light to dazzle none but them to death.
Yet I durst well abide her, and proclaim
As goddess-like as maiden.
Barnwell. Why, myself
Was late at court in presence, and her eyes
Fixed somewhile on me full in face; yet, 'faith,
I felt for that no lightning in my blood
Nor blast in mine as of the sun at noon
To blind their balls with godhead; no, ye see,
I walk yet well enough.
Abington. She gazed at you?
Barn. Yes, 'faith; yea, surely; take a Puritan oath
To seal my faith for Catholic. What, God help,
Are not mine eyes yet whole then? am I blind
Or maimed or scorched, and know not? by my head,
I find it sit yet none the worse for fear
To be so thunder-blasted.
Abing. Hear you, sirs?

Tich. I was not fain to hear it.
Barn. Which was he
Spake of one changed into a hart? by God,
There be some hearts here need no charm, I think,
To turn them hares of hunters; or if deer,
Not harts but hinds, and rascal.
Bab. Peace, man, peace!
Let not at least this noble cry of hounds
Flash fangs against each other. See what verse
I bade write under on the picture here:
These are my comrades, whom the peril's self
Draws to it; how say you? will not all in the end
Prove fellows to me? how should one fall off
Whom danger lures and scares not? Tush, take hands;
It was to keep them fast in all time's sight
I bade my painter set you here, and me
Your loving captain; gave him sight of each
And order of us all in amity.
And if this yet not shame you, or your hearts
Be set as boys' on wrangling, yet, behold,
I pluck as from my heart this witness forth
Taking out a letter.
To what a work we are bound to, even her hand
Whom we must bring from bondage, and again
Be brought of her to honour. This is she,

Mary the queen, sealed of herself and signed
As mine assured good friend for ever. Now,
Am I more worth or Ballard?
Til. He it was
Bade get her hand and seal to allow of all
That should be practised; he is wise.
Bab. Ay, wise!
He was in peril too, he said, God wot,
And must have surety of her, he; but I,
'T is I that have it, and her heart and trust,
See all here else, her trust and her good love
Who knows mine own heart of mine own hand writ
And sent her for assurance.
Sal. This we know;
What we would yet have certified of you
Is her own heart sent back, you say, for yours.
Bab. I say? not I, but proof says here, cries out
Her perfect will and purpose. Look you, first
She writes me what good comfort hath she had
To know by letter mine estate, and thus
Reknit the bond of our intelligence,
As grief was hers to live without the same
This great while past; then lovingly commends
In me her own desire to avert betimes
Our enemies' counsel to root out our faith
With ruin of us all; for so she hath shown

All Catholic princes what long since they have wrought
Against the king of Spain; and all this while
The Catholics naked here to all misuse
Fall off in numbered force, in means and power,
And if we look not to it shall soon lack strength
To rise and take that hope or help by the hand
Which time shall offer them; and see for this
What heart is hers! she bids you know of me
Though she were no part of this cause, who holds
Worthless her own weighed with the general weal,
She will be still most willing to this end
To employ therein her life and all she hath
Or in this world may look for.

Tich. This rings well;
But by what present mean prepared doth hers
Confirm your counsel? or what way set forth
So to prevent our enemies with good speed
That at the goal we find them not, and there
Fall as men broken?

Bab. Nay, what think you, man,
Or what esteem of her, that hope should lack
Herein her counsel? hath she not been found
Most wary still, clear-spirited, bright of wit,
Keen as a sword's edge, as a bird's eye swift,
Man-hearted ever? First, for crown and base

Of all this enterprise, she bids me here
Examine with good heed of good event
What power of horse and foot among us all
We may well muster, and in every shire
Choose out what captain for them, if we lack
For the main host a general; — as indeed
Myself being bound to bring her out of bonds
Or here with you cut off the heretic queen
Could take not this on me; — what havens, towns,
What ports to north and west and south, may we
Assure ourselves to hold in certain hand
For entrance and receipt of help from France,
From Spain, or the Low Countries; in what place
Draw our main head together; for how long
Raise for this threefold force of foreign friends
Wage and munition, or what harbours choose
For these to land; or what provision crave
Of coin at need or armour; by what means
The six her friends deliberate to proceed;
And last the manner how to get her forth
From this last hold wherein she newly lies:
These heads hath she set down, and bids me take
Of all seven points counsel and common care
With as few friends as may be of the chief
Ranged on our part for actors; and thereon

Of all devised with diligent speed despatch
Word to the ambassador of Spain in France,
Who to the experience past of all the estate
Here on this side aforetime that he hath
Shall join goodwill to serve us.
Til. Ay, no more?
Of us no more I mean, who being most near
To the English queen our natural mistress born
Take on our hands, her household pensioners',
The stain and chiefest peril of her blood
Shed by close violence under trust; no word,
No care shown further of our enterprise
That flowers to fruit for her sake?
Bab. Fear not that;
Abide till we draw thither — ay — she bids
Get first assurance of such help to come,
And take thereafter, what before were vain,
Swift order to provide arms, horses, coin,
Wherewith to march at word from every shire
Given by the chief; and save these principals
Let no man's knowledge less in place partake
The privy ground we move on, but set forth
For entertainment of the meaner ear
We do but fortify us against the plot
Laid of the Puritan part in all this realm
That have their general force now drawn to head
In the Low Countries, whence being home returned

They think to spoil us utterly, and usurp
Not from her only and all else lawful heirs
The kingly power, but from their queen that is
(As we may let the bruit fly forth disguised)
Wrest that which now she hath, if she for fear
Take not their yoke upon her, and therefrom
Catch like infection from plague-tainted air
The purulence of their purity; with which plea
We so may stablish our confederacies
As wrought but for defence of lands, lives, goods,
From them that would cut off our faith and these;
No word writ straight or given directly forth
Against the queen, but rather showing our will
Firm to maintain her and her lineal heirs,
Myself (she saith) *not named.* Ha, gallant souls,
Hath our queen's craft no savour of sweet wit,
No brain to help her heart with?
Tich. But our end —
No word of this yet?
Bab. And a good word, here,
And worth our note, good friend; being thus prepared,
Time then shall be to set our hands on work
And straight thereon take order that she may
Be suddenly transported out of guard,
Not tarrying till our foreign force come in,
Which then must make the hotter haste; and seeing

We can make no day sure for our design
Nor certain hour appointed when she might
Find other friends at hand on spur of the act
To take her forth of prison, ye should have
About you always, or in court at least,
Scouts furnished well with horses of good speed
To bear the tiding to her and them whose charge
Shall be to bring her out of bonds, that these
May be about her ere her keeper have word
What deed is freshly done; in any case,
Ere he can make him strong within the house
Or bear her forth of it: and need it were
By divers ways to send forth two or three
That one may pass if one be stayed; nor this
Should we forget, to assay in the hour of need
To cut the common posts off; by this plot
May we steer safe, and fall not miserably,
As they that laboured heretofore herein,
Through overhaste to stir upon this side
Ere surety make us strong of strangers' aid.
And if at first we bring her forth of bonds,
Be well assured, she bids us — as I think
She doubts not me that I should let this slip,
Forget so main a matter — well assured
To set her in the heart of some strong host,
Or strength of some good hold, where she may stay
Till we be mustered and the ally drawn in;

For should the queen, being scatheless of us yet
As we unready, fall upon her flight,
The bird untimely fled from snare to snare
Should find being caught again a narrower hold
Whence she should fly forth never, if cause indeed
Should seem not given to use her worse; and we
Should be with all extremity pursued,
To her more grief; for this should grieve her more
Than what might heaviest fall upon her.
Til. Ay?
She hath had then work enough to do to weep
For them that bled before; Northumberland,
The choice of all the north spoiled, banished, slain,
Norfolk that should have ringed the fourth sad time
The fairest hand wherewith fate ever led
So many a man to deathward, or sealed up
So many an eye from sunlight.
Bab. By my head,
Which is the main stake of this cast, I swear
There is none worth more than a tear of hers
That man wears living or that man might lose,
Borne upright in the sun, or for her sake
Bowed down by theirs she weeps for: nay, but hear;

She bids me take most vigilant heed, that all
May prosperously find end assured, and you
Conclude with me in judgment; to myself
As chief of trust in my particular
Refers you for assurance, and commends
To counsel seasonable and time's advice
Your common resolution; and again,
If the design take yet not hold, as chance
For all our will may turn it, we should not
Pursue her transport nor the plot laid else
Of our so baffled enterprise; but say
When this were done we might not come at her
Being by mishap close guarded in the Tower
Or some strength else as dangerous, yet, she saith,
For God's sake leave not to proceed herein
To the utmost undertaking; for herself
At any time shall most contentedly
Die, knowing of our deliverance from the bonds
Wherein as slaves we are holden.
Barn. So shall I,
Knowing at the least of her enfranchisement
Whose life were worth the whole blood shed o' the world
And all men's hearts made empty.
Bab. Ay, good friend,
Here speaks she of your fellows, that some stir
Might be in Ireland laboured to begin

Some time ere we take aught on us, that thence
The alarm might spring right on the part opposed
To where should grow the danger: she mean-
time
Should while the work were even in hand assay
To make the Catholics in her Scotland rise
And put her son into their hands, that so
No help may serve our enemies thence; again,
That from our plots the stroke may come, she
thinks
To have some chief or general head of all
Were now most apt for the instant end; where-
in
I branch not off from her in counsel, yet
Conceive not how to send the appointed word
To the Earl of Arundel now fast in bonds
Held in the Tower she spake of late, who now
Would have us give him careful note of this,
Him or his brethren; and from oversea
Would have us seek, if he be there at large,
To the young son of dead Northumberland,
And Westmoreland, whose hand and name, we
know,
May do much northward; ay, but this we know,
How much his hand was lesser than his name
When prôof was put on either; and the lord
Paget, whose power is in some shires of weight
To incline them usward; both may now be had

And some, she saith, of the exiles principal,
If the enterprise be resolute once, with these
May come back darkling; Paget lies in Spain,
Whom we may treat with by his brother's mean,
Charles, who keeps watch in Paris: then in the end
She bids beware no messenger sent forth
That bears our counsel bear our letters; these
Must through blind hands precede them or ensue
By ignorant posts and severally despatched;
And of her sweet wise heart, as we were fools,
—But that I think she fears not—bids take heed
Of spies among us and false brethren, chief
Of priests already practised on, she saith,
By the enemy's craft against us; what, forsooth,
We have not eyes to set such knaves apart
And look their wiles through, but should need misdoubt
—Whom shall I say the least on all our side?—
Good Gilbert Gifford with his kind boy's face
That fear's lean self could fear not? but God knows
Woman is wise, but woman; none so bold,
So cunning none, God help the soft sweet wit,
But the fair flesh with weakness taints it; why,
She warns me here of perilous scrolls to keep
That I should never bear about me, seeing

By that fault sank all they that fell before
Who should have walked unwounded else of proof,
Unstayed of justice: but this following word
Hath savour of more judgment; we should let
As little as we may our names be known
Or purpose here to the envoy sent from France,
Whom though she hears for honest, we must fear
His master holds the course of his design
Far contrary to this of ours, which known
Might move him to discovery.
Tich. Well forewarned:
Forearmed enough were now that cause at need
Which had but half so good an armour on
To fight false faith or France in.
Bab. Peace awhile;
Here she winds up her craft. She hath long time sued
To shift her lodging, and for answer hath
None but the Castle of Dudley named as meet
To serve this turn; and thither may depart,
She thinks, with parting summer; whence may we
Devise what means about those lands to lay
For her deliverance; who from present bonds
May but by one of three ways be discharged:
When she shall ride forth on the moors that part

Her prison-place from Stafford, where few folk
Use to pass over, on the same day set,
With fifty or threescore men well horsed and armed,
To take her from her keeper's charge, who rides
With but some score that bear but pistols; next,
To come by deep night round the darkling house
And fire the barns and stables, which being nigh
Shall draw the household huddling forth to help,
And they that come to serve her, wearing each
A secret sign for note and cognizance,
May some of them surprise the house, whom she
Shall with her servants meet and second; last,
When carts come in at morning, these being met
In the main gateway's midst may by device
Fall or be sidelong overthrown, and we
Make in thereon and suddenly possess
The house whence lightly might we bear her forth
Ere help came in of soldiers to relief
Who lie a mile or half a mile away
In several lodgings: but howe'er this end
She holds her bounden to me all her days
Who proffer me to hazard for her love,
And doubtless shall as well esteem of you
Or scarce less honourably, when she shall know
Your names who serve beneath me; so commends

Her friend to God, and bids me burn the word
That I would wear at heart for ever; yet,
Lest this sweet scripture haply write us dead,
Where she set hand I set my lips, and thus
Rend mine own heart with her sweet name, and end. *Tears the letter.*

Sal. She hath chosen a trusty servant.

Bab. Ay, of me?
What ails you at her choice? was this not I
That laid the ground of all this work, and wrought
Your hearts to shape for service? or perchance
The man was you that took this first on him,
To serve her dying and living, and put on
The bloodred name of traitor and the deed
Found for her sake not murderous?

Sal. Why, they say
First Gifford put this on you, Ballard next,
Whom he brought over to redeem your heart
Half lost for doubt already, and refresh
The flagging flame that fired it first, and now
Fell faltering half in ashes, whence his breath
Hardly with hard pains quickened it and blew
The grey to red rekindling.

Bab. Sir, they lie
Who say for fear I faltered, or lost heart
For doubt to lose life after; let such know
It shames me not though I were slow of will

To take such work upon my soul
As killing of a queen; being once
Brought once past question, set
doubts
By witness of God's will borne
Meseems I have swerved not.
Sal. Ay, when
Was washed in holy water, you
Lightly the name so hallowed of
That men spell murderer; but
The shadow of her slaying whom
Was ice to freeze your purpose.
Tich. Friend, what then?
Is this so small a thing, being English born,
To strike the living empire here at heart
That is called England? stab her present state,
Give even her false-faced likeness up to death,
With hands that smite a woman? I that speak,
Ye know me if now my faith be firm, and will
To do faith's bidding; yet it wrings not me
To say I was not quick nor light of heart,
Though moved perforce of will unwillingly,
To take in trust this charge upon me.
Barn. I
With all good will would take, and give God
thanks,
The charge of all that falter in it: by heaven,
To hear in the end of doubts and doublings
heaves

and hand
assured,
beyond men's
sensibly,
once the word
would wear
priests' lips
till Ballard spake
we shall strike

My heart up as with sickness. Why, by this
The heretic harlot that confounds our hope
Should be made carrion, with those following four
That were to wait upon her dead: all five
Live yet to scourge God's servants, and we prate
And threaten here in painting: by my life,
I see no more in us of life or heart
Than in this heartless picture.
Bab. Peace again;
Our purpose shall not long lack life, nor they
Whose life is deadly to the heart of ours
Much longer keep it; Burghley, Walsingham,
Hunsdon and Knowles, all these four names writ out,
With hers at head they worship, are but now
As those five several letters that spell death
In eyes that read them right. Give me but faith
A little longer: trust that heart awhile
Which laid the ground of all our glories; think
I that was chosen of our queen's friends in France,
By Morgan's hand there prisoner for her sake
On charge of such a deed's device as ours
Commended to her for trustiest, and a man
More sure than might be Ballard and more fit
To bear the burden of her counsels — I
Can be not undeserving, whom she trusts,
That ye should likewise trust me; seeing at first

She writes me but a thankful word, and this,
God wot, for little service; I return
For aptest answer and thankworthiest meed
Word of the usurper's plotted end, and she
With such large heart of trust and liberal faith
As here ye have heard requites me: whom, I think,
For you to trust is no too great thing now
For me to ask and have of all.
Tich. Dear friend,
Mistrust has no part in our mind of you
More than in hers; yet she too bids take heed,
As I would bid you take, and let not slip
The least of her good counsels, which to keep
No whit proclaims us colder than herself
Who gives us charge to keep them; and to slight
No whit proclaims us less unserviceable
Who are found too hot to serve her than the slave
Who for cold heart and fear might fail.
Bab. Too hot!
Why, what man's heart hath heat enough or blood
To give for such good service? Look you, sirs,
This is no new thing for my faith to keep,
My soul to feed its fires with, and my hope
Fix eyes upon for star to steer by; she

That six years hence the boy that I was then,
And page, ye know, to Shrewsbury, gave his faith
To serve and worship with his body and soul
For only lady and queen, with power alone
To lift my heart up and bow down mine eyes
At sight and sense of her sweet sovereignty,
Made thence her man for ever; she whose look
Turned all my blood of life to tears and fire,
That going or coming, sad or glad — for yet
She would be somewhile merry, as though to give
Comfort, and ease at heart her servants, then
Weep smilingly to be so light of mind,
Saying she was like the bird grown blithe in bonds
That if too late set free would die for fear,
Or wild birds hunt it out of life — if sad,
Put madness in me for her suffering's sake,
If joyous, for her very love's sake — still
Made my heart mad alike to serve her, being
I know not when the sweeter, sad or blithe,
Nor what mood heavenliest of her, all whose change
Was as of stars and sun and moon in heaven;
She is well content, — ye have heard her — she, to die,
If we without her may redeem ourselves
And loose our lives from bondage; but her friends
Must take forsooth good heed they be not, no,

Too hot of heart to serve her! And for me,
Am I so vain a thing of wind and smoke
That your deep counsel must have care to keep
My lightness safe in wardship? I sought none —
Craved no man's counsel to draw plain my plot,
Need no man's warning to dispose my deed.
Have I not laid of mine own hand a snare
To bring no less a lusty bird to lure
Than Walsingham with proffer of myself
For scout and spy on mine own friends in France
To fill his wise wide ears with large report
Of all things wrought there on our side, and plots
Laid for our queen's sake? and for all his wit
This politic knave misdoubts me not, whom ye
Hold yet too light and lean of wit to pass
Unspied of wise men on our enemies' part,
Who have sealed the subtlest eyes up of them all.

Tich. That would I know; for if they be not blind,
But only wink upon your proffer, seeing
More than they let your own eyes find or fear,
Why, there may lurk a fire to burn us all
Masked in them with false blindness.

Bab. Hear you, sirs?

Now by the faith I had in this my friend
And by mine own yet flawless toward him, yea
By all true love and trust that holds men fast,
It shames me that I held him in this cause
Half mine own heart, my better hand and eye,
Mine other soul and worthier. Pray you, go;
Let us not hold you; sir, be quit of us;
Go home, lie safe, and give God thanks; lie close,
Keep your head warm and covered; nay, be wise;
We are fit for no such wise folk's fellowship,
No married man's who being bid forth to fight
Holds his wife's kirtle fitter wear for man
Than theirs who put on iron: I did know it,
Albeit I would not know; this man that was,
This soul and sinew of a noble seed,
Love and the lips that burn a bridegroom's through
Have charmed to deathward, and in steel's good stead
Left him a silken spirit.

Tich. By that faith
Which yet I think you have found as fast in me
As ever yours I found, you wrong me more
Than were I that your words can make me not
I had wronged myself and all our cause; I hold
No whit less dear for love's sake even than love

Faith, honour, friendship, all that all my days
Was only dear to my desire, till now
This new thing dear as all these only were
Made all these dearer. If my love be less
Toward you, toward honour or this cause, then think
I love my wife not either, whom you know
How close at heart I cherish, but in all
Play false alike. Lead now which way you will,
And wear what likeness; though to all men else
It look not smooth, smooth shall it seem to me,
And danger be not dangerous; where you go,
For me shall wildest ways be safe, and straight
For me the steepest; with your eyes and heart
Will I take count of life and death, and think
No thought against your counsel: yea, by heaven,
I had rather follow and trust my friend and die
Than halt and hark mistrustfully behind
To live of him mistrusted.

Bab. Why, well said:
Strike hands upon it; I think you shall not find
A trustless pilot of me. Keep we fast,
And hold you fast my counsel, we shall see
The state high-builded here of heretic hope
Shaken to dust and death. Here comes more proof
To warrant me no liar. You are welcome, sirs;

Enter Ballard, disguised, and Savage.

Good father captain, come you plumed or cowled,
Or stoled or sworded, here at any hand
The true heart bids you welcome.

Ballard. Sir, at none
Is folly welcome to mine ears or eyes.
Nay, stare not on me stormily; I say,
I bid at no hand welcome, by no name,
Be it ne'er so wise or valiant on men's lips,
Pledge health to folly, nor forecast good hope
For them that serve her, I, but take of men
Things ill done ill at any hand alike.
Ye shall not say I cheered you to your death,
Nor would, though nought more dangerous than your death
Or deadlier for our cause and God's in ours
Were here to stand the chance of, and your blood
Shed vainly with no seed for faith to sow
Should be not poison for men's hopes to drink.
What is this picture? Have ye sense or souls,
Eyes, ears, or wits to take assurance in
Of how ye stand in strange men's eyes and ears,
How fare upon their talking tongues, how dwell
In shot of their suspicion, and sustain
How great a work how lightly? Think ye not
These men have ears and eyes about your ways,

Walk with your feet, work with your hands, and watch
When ye sleep sound and babble in your sleep?
What knave was he, or whose man sworn and spy,
That drank with you last night? whose hireling lip
Was this that pledged you, Master Babington,
To a foul quean's downfall and a fair queen's rise?
Can ye not seal your tongues from tavern speech,
Nor sup abroad but air may catch it back,
Nor think who set that watch upon your lips
Yourselves can keep not on them?
Bab. What, my friends!
Here is one come to counsel, God be thanked,
That bears commission to rebuke us all.
Why, hark you, sir, you that speak judgment, you
That take our doom upon your double tongue
To sentence and accuse us with one breath,
Our doomsman and our justicer for sin,
Good Captain Ballard, Father Fortescue,
Who made you guardian of us poor men, gave
Your wisdom wardship of our follies, chose
Your faith for keeper of our faiths, that yet
Were never taxed of change or doubted? You,

'T is you that have an eye to us, and take note
What time we keep, what place, what company,
How far may wisdom trust us to be wise
Or faith esteem us faithful, and yourself
Were once the hireling hand and tongue and eye
That waited on this very Walsingham
To spy men's counsels and betray their blood
Whose trust had sealed you trusty? By God's light,
A goodly guard I have of you, to crave
What man was he I drank with yesternight,
What name, what shape, what habit, as, forsooth,
Were I some statesman's knave and spotted spy,
The man I served, and cared not how, being dead,
His molten gold should glut my throat in hell,
Might question of me whom I snared last night,
Make inquisition of his face, his gait,
His speech, his likeness. Well, be answered then;
By God, I know not; but God knows I think
The spy most dangerous on my secret walks
And witness of my ways most worth my fear
And deadliest listener to devour my speech
Now questions me of danger, and the tongue
Most like to sting my trust and life to death
Now taxes mine of rashness.

Bal. Is he mad?

Or are ye brainsick all with heat of wine
That stand and hear him rage like men in storms
Made drunk with danger? have ye sworn with him
To die the fool's death too of furious fear
And passion scared to slaughter of itself?
Is there none here that knows his cause or me,
Nor what should save or spoil us?
Tich. Friend, give ear;
For God's sake, yet be counselled.
Bab. Ay, for God's!
What part hath God in this man's counsels? nay,
Take you part with him; nay, in God's name go;
What should you do to bide with me? turn back;
There stands your captain.
Savage. Hath not one man here
One spark in spirit or sprinkling left of shame?
I that looked once for no such fellowship,
But soldier's hearts in shapes of gentlemen,
I am sick with shame to hear men's jangling tongues
Outnoise their swords unbloodied. Hear me, sirs;
My hand keeps time before my tongue, and hath
But wit to speak in iron; yet as now

Such wit were sharp enough to serve our turn
That keenest tongues may serve not. One thing sworn
Calls on our hearts; the queen must singly die,
Or we, half dead men now with dallying, must
Die several deaths for her brief one, and stretched
Beyond the scope of sufferance; wherefore here
Choose out the man to put this peril on
And gird him with this glory; let him pass
Straight hence to court, and through all stays of state
Strike death into her heart.
Bab. Why, this rings right;
Well said, and soldierlike; do thus, and take
The vanguard of us all for honour.
Sav. Ay,
Well would I go, but seeing no courtly suit
Like yours, her servants and her pensioners,
The doorkeepers will bid my baseness back
From passage to her presence.
Bab. O, for that,
Take this and buy; nay, start not from your word;
You shall not.
Sav. Sir, I shall not.
Bab. Here 's more gold;
Make haste, and God go with you; if the plot
Be blown on once of men's suspicious breath,

We are dead, and all die bootless deaths — be swift —
And her we have served we shall but surely slay.
I will make trial again of Walsingham
If he misdoubt us. O, my cloak and sword —
Knocking within.
I will go forth myself. What noise is that?
Get you to Gage's lodging; stay not here;
Make speed without for Westminster; perchance
There may we safely shift our shapes and fly,
If the end be come upon us.
Bal. It is here.
Death knocks at door already. Fly; farewell.
Bab. I would not leave you — but they know you not —
You need not fear, being found here singly.
Bal. No.
Bab. Nay, halt not, sirs; no word but haste; this way,
Ere they break down the doors. God speed us well!
Exeunt all but Ballard. As they go out, enter an Officer with Soldiers.
Officer. Here's one fox yet by the foot; lay hold on him.
Bal. What would you, sirs?
Off. Why, make one foul bird fast,
Though the full flight be scattered: for their kind

Must prey not here again, nor here put on
The jay's loose feathers for the raven priest's
To mock the blear-eyed marksman: these
plucked off
Shall show the nest that sent this fledgeling forth
Hatched in the hottest holy nook of hell.
Bal. I am a soldier.
Off. Ay, the badge we know
Whose broidery signs the shoulders of the file
That Satan marks for Jesus. Bind him fast:
Blue satin and slashed velvet and gold lace,
Methinks we have you, and the hat's band her
So seemly set with silver buttons, all
As here was down in order; by my faith,
A goodly ghostly friend to shrive a maid
As ever kissed for penance: pity 't is
The hangman's hands must hallow him again
When this lay slough slips off, and twist one rop
For priest to swing with soldier. Bring hin
hence. *Exeunt*

Scene II. — *Chartley.*

Mary Stuart and Mary Beaton.

Mary Stuart. We shall not need keep hous
for fear to-day;
The skies are fair and hot; the wind sits well
For hound and horn to chime with. I will go

Mary Beaton. How far from this to Tixall?
Mary Stuart. Nine or ten
Or what miles more I care not; we shall find
Fair field and goodly quarry, or he lies,
The gospeller that bade us to the sport,
Protesting yesternight the shire had none
To shame Sir Walter Aston's. God be praised,
I take such pleasure yet to back my steed
And bear my crossbow for a deer's death well,
I am almost half content — and yet I lie —
To ride no harder nor more dangerous heat
And hunt no beast of game less gallant.
Mary Beaton. Nay,
You grew long since more patient.
Mary Stuart. Ah, God help!
What should I do but learn the word of him
These years and years, the last word learnt but one,
That ever I loved least of all sad words?
The last is death for any soul to learn,
The last save death is patience.
Mary Beaton. Time enough
We have had ere death of life to learn it in
Since you rode last on wilder ways than theirs
That drive the dun deer to his death.
Mary Stuart. Eighteen —
How many more years yet shall God mete out
For thee and me to wait upon their will

And hope or hope not, watch or sleep, and dream
Awake or sleeping? surely fewer, I think,
Than half these years that all have less of life
Than one of those more fleet that flew before.
I am yet some ten years younger than this queen,
Some nine or ten; but if I die this year
And she some score years longer than I think
Be royal-titled, in one year of mine
I shall have lived the longer life, and die
The fuller-fortuned woman. Dost thou mind
The letter that I writ nigh two years gone
To let her wit what privacies of hers
Our trusty dame of Shrewsbury's tongue made mine
Ere it took fire to sting her lord and me?
How thick soe'er o'erscurfed with poisonous lies,
Of her I am sure it lied not; and perchance
I did the wiselier, having writ my fill,
Yet to withhold the letter when she sought
Of me to know what villainies had it poured
In ears of mine against her innocent name:
And yet thou knowest what mirthful heart was mine
To write her word of these, that had she read
Had surely, being but woman, made her mad,
Or haply, being not woman, had not. 'Faith,
How say'st thou? did I well?

Mary Beaton. Ay, surely well
To keep that back you did not ill to write.
Mary Stuart. I think so, and again I think not; yet
The best I did was bid thee burn it. She,
That other Bess I mean of Hardwick, hath
Mixed with her gall the fire at heart of hell,
And all the mortal medicines of the world
To drug her speech with poison; and God wot
Her daughter's child here that I bred and loved,
Bess Pierpoint, my sweet bedfellow that was,
Keeps too much savour of her grandam's stock
For me to match with Nau; my secretary
Shall with no slip of hers engraft his own,
Begetting shame or peril to us all
From her false blood and fiery tongue; except
I find a mate as meet to match with him
For truth to me as Gilbert Curle hath found,
I will play Tudor once and break the banns,
Put on the feature of Elizabeth
To frown their hands in sunder.
Mary Beaton. Were it not
Some tyranny to take her likeness on
And bitter-hearted grudge of matrimony
For one and not his brother secretary,
Forbid your Frenchman's banns for jealousy
And grace your English with such liberal love
As Barbara fails not yet to find of you

Since she writ Curle for Mowbray? and herein
There shows no touch of Tudor in your mood
More than its wont is; which indeed is nought;
The world, they say, for her should waste, ere man
Should get her virginal goodwill to wed.

Mary Stuart. I would not be so tempered of my blood,
So much mismade as she in spirit and flesh,
To be more fair of fortune. She should hate
Not me, albeit she hate me deadly, more
Than thee or any woman. By my faith,
Fain would I know, what knowing not of her now
I muse upon and marvel, if she have
Desire or pulse or passion of true heart
Fed full from natural veins, or be indeed
All bare and barren all as dead men's bones
Of all sweet nature and sharp seed of love,
And those salt springs of life, through fire and tears
That bring forth pain and pleasure in their kind
To make good days and evil, all in her
Lie sere and sapless as the dust of death.
I have found no great good hap in all my days
Nor much good cause to make me glad of God,
Yet have I had and lacked not of my life
My good things and mine evil: being not yet

Barred from life's natural ends of evil and good
Foredoomed for man and woman through the world
Till all their works be nothing: and of mine
I know but this — though I should die to-day,
I would not take for mine her fortune.

Mary Beaton.

Myself perchance I would not. No?

Mary Stuart.

That fire-tongued witch of Shrewsbury spak once truth
Who told me all those quaint foul merry tales
Of our dear sister that at her desire
I writ to give her word of, and at thine
Withheld and put the letter in thine hand
To burn as was thy counsel? for my part,
How loud she lied soever in the charge
That for adultery taxed me with her lord
And being disproved before the council here
Brought on their knees to give themselves the lie
Her and her sons by that first lord of four
That took in turn this hell-mouthed hag to wife
And got her kind upon her, yet in this
I do believe she lied not more than I
Reporting her by record, how she said
What infinite times had Leicester and his queen
Plucked all the fruitless fruit of baffled love
That being contracted privily they might,

Dost thou think

With what large gust of fierce and foiled desire
This votaress crowned, whose vow could no man break,
Since God whose hand shuts up the unkindly womb
Had sealed it on her body, man by man
Would course her kindless lovers, and in quest
Pursue them hungering as a hound in heat,
Full on the fiery scent and slot of lust,
That men took shame and laughed and marvelled; one,
Her chamberlain, so hotly would she trace
And turn perforce from cover, that himself
Being tracked at sight thus in the general eye
Was even constrained to play the piteous hare
And wind and double till her amorous chase
Were blind with speed and breathless; but the worst
Was this, that for this country's sake and shame's
Our huntress Dian could not be content
With Hatton and another born her man
And subject of this kingdom, but to heap
The heavier scandal on her countrymen
Had cast the wild growth of her lust away
On one base-born, a stranger, whom of nights
Within her woman's chamber would she seek
To kiss and play for shame with secretly;
And with the duke her bridegroom that should be,

That should and could not, seeing forsooth no man
Might make her wife or woman, had she dealt
As with this knave his follower; for by night
She met him coming at her chamber door
In her bare smock and night-rail, and thereon
Bade him come in; who there abode three hours:
But fools were they that thought to bind her will
And stay with one man or allay the mood
That ranging still gave tongue on several heats
To hunt fresh trails of lusty love; all this,
Thou knowest, on record truly was set down,
With much more villainous else: she prayed me write
That she might know the natural spirit and mind
Toward her of this fell witch whose rancorous mouth
Then bayed my name, as now being great with child
By her fourth husband, in whose charge I lay
As here in Paulet's; so being moved I wrote,
And yet I would she had read it, though not now
Would I re-write each word again, albeit
I might, or thou, were I so minded, or
Thyself so moved to bear such witness; but
'T is well we know not how she had borne to read
All this and more, what counsel gave the dame,

With loud excess of laughter urging me
To enter on those lists of love-making
My son for suitor to her, who thereby
Might greatly serve and stead me in her sight;
And I replying that such a thing could be
But held a very mockery, she returns,
The queen was so infatuate and distraught
With high conceit of her fair fretted face
As of a heavenly goddess, that herself
Would take it on her head with no great pains
To bring her to believe it easily;
Being so past reason fain of flattering tongues
She thought they mocked her not nor lied who said
They might not sometimes look her full in face
For the light glittering from it as the sun;
And so perforce must all her women say
And she herself that spake, who durst not look
For fear to laugh out each in other's face
Even while they fooled and fed her vein with words,
Nor let their eyes cross when they spake to her
And set their feature fast as in a frame
To keep grave countenance with gross mockery lined;
And how she prayed me chide her daughter, whom
She might by no means move to take this way,

And for her daughter Talbot was assured
She could not ever choose but laugh outright
Even in the good queen's flattered face. God wot,
Had she read all, and in my hand set down,
I could not blame her though she had sought to take
My head for payment; no less poise on earth
Had served, and hardly, for the writer's fee;
I could not much have blamed her; all the less,
That I did take this, though from slanderous lips,
For gospel and not slander, and that now
I yet do well believe it.

Mary Beaton. And herself
Had well believed so much, and surely seen,
For all your protest of discredit made
With God to witness that you could not take
Such tales for truth of her nor would not, yet
You meant not she should take your word for this,
As well I think she would not.

Mary Stuart. Haply, no.
We do protest not thus to be believed.
And yet the witch in one thing seven years since
Belied her, saying she then must needs die soon
For timeless fault of nature. Now belike
The soothsaying that speaks short her span to be
May prove more true of presage.

Mary Beaton. Have you hope
The chase to-day may serve our further ends
Than to renew your spirit and bid time speed?
Mary Stuart. I see not but I may; the hour is full
Which I was bidden expect of them to bear
More fruit than grows of promise; Babington
Should tarry now not long; from France our friends
Lift up their heads to usward, and await
What comfort may confirm them from our part
Who sent us comfort; Ballard's secret tongue
Has kindled England, striking from men's hearts
As from a flint the fire that slept, and made
Their dark dumb thoughts and dim disfigured hopes
Take form from his and feature, aim and strength,
Speech and desire toward action; all the shires
Wherein the force lies hidden of our faith
Are stirred and set on edge of present deed
And hope more imminent now of help to come
And work to do than ever; not this time
We hang on trust in succour that comes short
By Philip's fault from Austrian John, whose death
Put widow's weeds on mine unwedded hope,
Late trothplight to his enterprise in vain
That was to set me free, but might not seal

The faith it pledged nor on the hand of hope
Make fast the ring that weds desire with deed
And promise with performance; Parma stands
More fast now for us in his uncle's stead,
Albeit the lesser warrior, yet in place
More like to avail us, and in happier time
To do like service; for my cousin of Guise,
His hand and league hold fast our kinsman king,
If not to bend and shape him for our use,
Yet so to govern as he may not thwart
Our forward undertaking till its force
Discharge itself on England: from no side
I see the shade of any fear to fail
As those before so baffled; heart and hand
Our hope is armed with trust more strong than steel
And spirit to strike more helpful than a sword
In hands that lack the spirit; and here to-day
It may be I shall look this hope in the eyes
And see her face transfigured. God is good
He will not fail his faith for ever. O,
That I were now in saddle! Yet an hour
And I shall be as young again as May
Whose life was come to August; like this year,
I had grown past midway of my life, and sat
Heartsick of summer; but new-mounted now
I shall ride right through shine and shade of spring

With heart and habit of a bride, and bear
A brow more bright than fortune. Truth it is,
Those words of bride and May should on my tongue
Sound now not merry, ring no joy-bells out
In ears of hope or memory; not for me
Have they been joyous words; but this fair day
All sounds that ring delight in fortunate ears
And words that make men thankful, even to me
Seem thankworthy for joy they have given me not
And hope which now they should not.
Mary Beaton. Nay, who knows?
The less they have given of joy, the more they may;
And they who have had their happiness before
Have hope not in the future; time o'erpast
And time to be have several ends, nor wear
One forward face and backward.
Mary Stuart. God, I pray,
Turn thy good words to gospel, and make truth
Of their kind presage! but our Scotswomen
Would say, to be so joyous as I am,
Though I had cause, as surely cause I have,
Were no good warrant of good hope for me.
I never took such comfort of my trust
In Norfolk or Northumberland, nor looked
For such good end as now of all my fears

From all devices past of policy
To join my name with my misnatured son's
In handfast pledge with England's, ere my foes
His counsellors had flawed his craven faith
And moved my natural blood to cast me off
Who bore him in my body, to come forth
Less childlike than a changeling. But not long
Shall they find means by him to work their will,
Nor he bear head against me; hope was his
To reign forsooth without my fellowship,
And he that with me would not shall not now
Without or with me wield not or divide
Or part or all of empire.
Mary Beaton. Dear my queen,
Vex not your mood with sudden change of thoughts;
Your mind but now was merrier than the sun
Half rid by this through morning: we by noon
Should blithely mount and meet him.
Mary Stuart. So I said.
My spirit is fallen again from that glad strength
Which even but now arrayed it; yet what cause
Should dull the dancing measure in my blood
For doubt or wrath, I know not. Being once forth,
My heart again will quicken. *Sings.*

And ye maun braid your yellow hair
And busk ye like a bride;
Wi' sevenscore men to bring ye hame,
And ae true love beside;
Between the birk and the green rowan
Fu' blithely shall ye ride.

O ye maun braid my yellow hair,
But braid it like nae bride;
And I maun gang my ways, mither,
Wi' nae true love beside;
Between the kirk and the kirkyard
Fu' sadly shall I ride.

How long since,
How long since was it last I heard or sang
Such light lost ends of old faint rhyme worn thin
With use of country songsters? When we twain
Were maidens but some twice a span's length high,
Thou hadst the happier memory to hold rhyme,
But not for songs the merrier.

Mary Beaton. This was one
That I would sing after my nurse, I think,
And weep upon in France at six years old
To think of Scotland.

Mary Stuart. Would I weep for that,
Woman or child, I have had now years enough
To weep in; thou wast never French in heart,
Serving the queen of France. Poor queen that was,

Poor boy that played her bridegroom! now they seem
In these mine eyes that were her eyes as far
Beyond the reach and range of oldworld time
As their first fathers' graves.

Enter Sir Amyas Paulet.

Paulet. Madam, if now
It please you to set forth, the hour is full,
And there your horses ready.

Mart Stuart. Sir, my thanks.
We are bounden to you and this goodly day
For no small comfort. Is it your will we ride
Accompanied with any for the nonce
Of our own household?

Paul. If you will, to-day
Your secretaries have leave to ride with you.

Mary Stuart. We keep some state then yet. I pray you, sir,
Doth he wait on you that came here last month,
A low-built lank-cheeked Judas-bearded man,
Lean, supple, grave, pock-pitten, yellow-polled,
A smiling fellow with a downcast eye?

Paul. Madam, I know the man for none of mine.

Mary Stuart. I give you joy as you should give God thanks,
Sir, if I err not; but meseemed this man
Found gracious entertainment here, and took

Such counsel with you as I surely thought
Spake him your friend, and honourable; but now
If I misread not an ambiguous word
It seems you know no more of him or less
Than Peter did, being questioned, of his Lord.
Paul. I know not where the cause were to be sought
That might for likeness or unlikeness found
Make seemly way for such comparison
As turns such names to jest and bitterness;
Howbeit, as I denied not nor disclaimed
To know the man you speak of, yet I may
With very purity of truth profess
The man to be not of my following.
Mary Stuart. See
How lightly may the tongue that thinks no ill
Or trip or slip, discoursing that or this
With grave good men in purity and truth,
And come to shame even with a word! God wot,
We had need put bit and bridle in our lips
Ere they take on them of their foolishness
To change wise words with wisdom. Come, sweet friend,
Let us go seek our kind with horse and hound
To keep us witless company; belike,
There shall we find our fellows.

Exeunt Mary Stuart and Mary Beaton.

Paul. Would to God
This day had done its office! mine till then
Holds me the verier prisoner.

Enter Phillipps.

Phillipps. She will go?
Paul. Gladly, poor sinful fool; more gladly, sir,
Than I go with her.
Phill. Yet you go not far
She is come too near her end of wayfaring
To tire much more men's feet that follow.
Paul. Ay.
She walks but half blind yet to the end; even now
She spake of you, and questioned doubtfully
What here you came to do, or held what place
Or commerce with me: when you caught her eye,
It seems your courtesy by some graceless chance
Found but scant grace with her.
Phill. 'T is mine own blame,
Or fault of mine own feature; yet forsooth
I greatly covet not their gracious hap
Who have found or find most grace with her. I pray,
Doth Wade go with you?
Paul. Nay,—what, know you not?—
But with Sir Thomas Gorges, from the court,
To drive this deer at Tixall.

Phill. Two years since,
He went, I think, commissioned from the queen
To treat with her at Sheffield?
Paul. Ay, and since
She hath not seen him; who being known of here
Had haply given her swift suspicion edge
Or cause at least of wonder.
Phill. And I doubt
His last year's entertainment oversea
As our queen's envoy to demand of France
Her traitor Morgan's body, whence he brought
Nought save dry blows back from the duke d'Aumale
And for that prisoner's quarters here to hang
His own not whole but beaten, should not much
Incline him to more good regard of her
For whose love's sake her friends have dealt with him
So honourably, nor she that knows of this
Be the less like to take his presence here
For no good presage to her: you have both done well
To keep his hand as close herein as mine.
Paul. Sir, by my faith I know not, for myself,
What part is for mine honour, or wherein
Of all this action laid upon mine hand
The name and witness of a gentleman

May gain desert or credit, and increase
In seed and harvest of good men's esteem
For heritage to his heirs, that men unborn
Whose fame is as their name derived from his
May reap in reputation; and indeed
I look for none advancement in the world
Further than this that yet for no man's sake
Would I forego, to keep the name I have
And honour, which no son of mine shall say
I have left him not for any deed of mine
As perfect as my sire bequeathed it me:
I say, for any word or work yet past
No tongue can thus far tax me of decline
From that fair forthright way of gentleman,
Nor shall for any that I think to do
Or aught I think to say alive: howbeit,
I were much bounden to the man would say
But so much for me in our mistress' ear,
The treasurer's, or your master Walsingham's,
Whose office here I have undergone thus long
And had I leave more gladly would put off
Than ever I put on me; being not one
That out of love toward England even or God
At mightiest men's desire would lightly be
For loyalty disloyal, or approved
In trustless works a trusty traitor; this
He that should tell them of me, to procure
The speedier end here of this work imposed,

Should bind me to him more heartily than thanks
Might answer.
Phill. Good Sir Amyas, you and I
Hold no such office in this dangerous time
As men make love to for their own name's sake
Or personal lust of honour; but herein
I pray you yet take note, and pardon me
If I for the instance mix your name with mine,
That no man's private honour lies at gage,
Nor is the stake set here to play for less
Than what is more than all men's names alive,
The great life's gage of England; in whose name
Lie all our own impledged, as all our lives
For her redemption forfeit, if the cause
Call once upon us; not this gift or this,
Or what best likes us or were gladliest given
Or might most honourably be parted with
For our more credit on her best behalf,
Doth she we serve, this land that made us men,
Require of all her children; but demands
Of our great duty toward her full deserts
Even all we have of honour or of life,
Of breath or fame to give her. What were I
Or what were you, being mean or nobly born,
Yet moulded both of one land's natural womb
And fashioned out of England, to deny
What gift she crave soever, choose and grudge

What grace we list to give or what withhold,
Refuse and reckon with her when she bids
Yield up forsooth not life but fame to come,
A good man's praise or gentleman's repute,
Or lineal pride of children, and the light
Of loyalty remembered? which of these
Were worth our mother's death, or shame that might
Fall for one hour on England? She must live
And keep in all men's sight her honour fast
Though all we die dishonoured; and myself
Know not nor seek of men's report to know
If what I do to serve her till I die
Be honourable or shameful, and its end
Good in men's eyes or evil; but for God,
I find not why the name or fear of him
Herein should make me swerve or start aside
Through faint heart's falsehood as a broken bow
Snapped in his hand that bent it, ere the shaft
Find out his enemies' heart, and I that end
Whereto I am sped for service even of him
Who put this office on us.

Paul. Truly, sir,
I lack the wordy wit to match with yours,
Who speak no more than soldier; this I know,
I am sick in spirit and heart to have in hand
Such work or such device of yours as yet

For fear and conscience of what worst may come
I dare not well bear through.
Phill. Why, so last month
You writ my master word and me to boot
I had set you down a course for many things
You durst not put in execution, nor
Consign the packet to this lady's hand
That was returned from mine, seeing all was well,
And you should hold yourself most wretched man
If by your mean or order there should spring
Suspicion 'twixt the several messengers
Whose hands unwitting each of other ply
The same close trade for the same golden end,
While either holds his mate a faithful fool
And all their souls, baseborn or gently bred,
Are coined and stamped and minted for our use
And current in our service; I thereon
To assuage your doubt and fortify your fear
Was posted hither, where by craft and pains
The web is wound up of our enterprise
And in our hands we hold her very heart
As fast as all this while we held impawned
The faith of Barnes that stood for Gifford here
To take what letters for his mistress came
From southward through the ambassador of France

And bear them to the brewer, your honest man,
Who wist no further of his fellowship
Than he of Gifford's, being as simple knaves
As knavish each in his simplicity,
And either serviceable alike, to shift
Between my master's hands and yours and mine
Her letters writ and answered to and fro;
And all these faiths as weathertight and safe
As was the box that held those letters close
At bottom of the barrel, to give up
The charge there sealed and ciphered, and receive
A charge as great in peril and in price
To yield again, when they drew off the beer
That weekly served this lady's household whom
We have drained as dry of secrets drugged with death
As ever they this vessel, and return
To her own lips the dregs she brewed or we
For her to drink have tempered. What of this
Should seem so strange now to you, or distaste
So much the daintier palate of your thoughts,
That I should need reiterate you by word
The work of us o'erpast, or fill your ear
With long foregone recital, that at last
Your soul may start not or your sense recoil
To know what end we are come to, or what hope

We took in hand to cut this peril off
By what close mean soe'er and what foul hands
Unwashed of treason, which it yet mislikes
Your knightly palm to touch or close with, seeing
The grime of gold is baser than of blood
That barks their filthy fingers? yet with these
Must you cross hands and grapple, or let fall
The trust you took to treasure.
Paul. Sir, I will,
Even till the queen take back that gave it; yet
Will not join hands with these, nor take on mine
The taint of their contagion; knowing no cause
That should confound or couple my good name
With theirs more hateful than the reek of hell.
You had these knaveries and these knaves in charge,
Not I that knew not how to handle them
Nor whom to choose for chief of treasons, him
That in mine ignorant eye, unused to read
The shameful scripture of such faces, bare
Graved on his smooth and simple cheek and brow
No token of a traitor; yet this boy,
This milk-mouthed weanling with his maiden chin,
This soft-lipped knave, late suckled as on blood
And nursed of poisonous nipples, have you not

Found false or feared by this, whom first you found
A trustier thief and worthier of his wage
Than I, poor man, had wit to find him? I,
That trust no changelings of the church of hell,
No babes reared priestlike at the paps of Rome
Who have left the old harlot's deadly dugs drawn dry,
I lacked the craft to rate this knave of price,
Your smock-faced Gifford, at his worth aright,
Which now comes short of promise.
Phill. O, not he;
Let not your knighthood for a slippery word
So much misdoubt his knaveship; here from France,
On hint of our suspicion in his ear
Half jestingly recorded, that his hand
Were set against us in one politic track
With his old yoke-fellows in craft and creed,
Betraying not them to us but ourselves to them,
My Gilbert writes me with such heat of hand
Such piteous protestation of his faith
So stuffed and swoln with burly-bellied oaths
And God and Christ confound him if he lie
And Jesus save him as he speaks mere truth,
My gracious godly priestling, that yourself
Must sure be moved to take his truth on trust
Or stand for him approved an atheist.

Paul. Well,
That you find stuff of laughter in such gear
And mirth to make out of the godless mouth
Of such a twice-turned villain, for my part
I take in token of your certain trust,
And make therewith mine own assurance sure,
To see betimes an end of all such craft
As takes the faith forsworn of loud-tongued liars
And blasphemies of brothel-breathing knaves
To build its hope or break its jest upon;
And so commend you to your charge, and take
Mine own on me less gladly; for by this
She should be girt to ride, as the old saw saith,
Out of God's blessing into the warm sun
And out of the warm sun into the pit
That men have dug before her, as herself
Had dug for England else a deeper grave
To hide our hope for ever: yet I would
This day and all that hang on it were done.

Exeunt.

Scene III. — *Before Tixall Park.*

Mary Stuart, Mary Beaton, Paulet, Curle, Nau, and Attendants.

Mary Stuart. If I should never more back steed alive
But now had ridden hither this fair day
The last road ever I must ride on earth,

Yet would I praise it, saying of all days gone
And all roads ridden in sight of stars and sun
Since first I sprang to saddle, here at last
I had found no joyless end. These ways are smooth,
And all this land's face merry; yet I find
The ways even therefore not so good to ride,
And all the land's face therefore less worth love,
Being smoother for a palfrey's maiden pace
And merrier than our moors for outlook; nay,
I lie to say so; there the wind and sun
Make madder mirth by midsummer, and fill
With broader breath and lustier length of light
The heartier hours that clothe for even and dawn
Our bosom-belted billowy-blossoming hills
Whose hearts break out in laughter like the sea
For miles of heaving heather. Ye should mock
My banished praise of Scotland; and in faith
I praised it but to prick you on to praise
Of your own goodly land; though field and wood
Be parked and parcelled to the sky's edge out,
And this green Stafford moorland smooth and strait
That we but now rode over, and by ours
Look pale for lack of large live mountain bloom
Wind-buffeted with morning, it should be
Worth praise of men whose lineal honour lives
In keeping here of history: but meseems

I have heard, Sir Amyas, of your liberal west
As of a land more affluent-souled than this
And fruitful-hearted as the south-wind; here
I find a fair-faced change of temperate clime
From that bald hill-brow in a broad bare plain
Where winter laid us both his prisoners late
Fast by the feet at Tutbury; but men say
Your birthright in this land is fallen more fair
In goodlier ground of heritage: perchance,
Grief to be now barred thence by mean of me,
Who less than you can help it or myself,
Makes you ride sad and sullen.
Paulet. Madam, no;
I pray you lay not to my wilful charge
The blame or burden of discourtesy
That but the time should bear which lays on me
This weight of thoughts untimely.
Mary Stuart. Nay, fair sir,
If I, that have no cause in life to seem
Glad of my sad life more than prisoners may,
Take comfort yet of sunshine, he methinks
That holds in ward my days and nights might well
Take no less pleasure of this broad blithe air
Than his poor charge that too much troubles him.
What, are we nigh the chase?
Paul. Even hard at hand.

Mary Stuart. Can I not see between the glittering leaves
Gleam the dun hides and flash the startled horns
That we must charge and scatter? Were I queen
And had a crown to wager on my hand,
Sir, I would set it on the chance to-day
To shoot a flight beyond you.
Paul. Verily,
The hazard were too heavy for my skill:
I would not hold your wager.
Mary Stuart. No! and why?
Paul. For fear to come a bowshot short of you
On the left hand, unluckily.
Mary Stuart. My friend,
Our keeper's wit-shaft is too keen for ours
To match its edge with pointless iron. — Sir,
Your tongue shoots further than my hand or eye
With sense or aim can follow. — Gilbert Curle,
Your heart yet halts behind this cry of hounds,
Hunting your own deer's trail at home, who lies
Now close in covert till her bearing-time
Be full to bring forth kindly fruit of kind
To love that yet lacks issue; and in sooth
I blame you not to bid all sport go by
For one white doe's sake travailing, who myself
Think long till I may take within mine arm

The soft fawn suckling that is yeaned not yet
But is to make her mother. We must hold
A goodly christening feast with prisoner's cheer
And mirth enow for such a tender thing
As will not weep more to be born in bonds
Than babes born out of gaoler's ward, nor grudge
To find no friend more fortunate than I
Nor happier hand to welcome it, nor name
More prosperous than poor mine to wear, if God
Shall send the new-made mother's breast, for love
Of us that love his mother's maidenhood,
A maid to be my namechild, and in all
Save love to them that love her, by God's grace,
Most unlike me; for whose unborn sweet sake
Pray you meantime be merry. — 'Faith, methinks
Here be more huntsmen out afield to-day
And merrier than my guardian. Sir, look up;
What think you of these riders? — All my friends,
Make on to meet them.

Paul. There shall need no haste;
They ride not slack or lamely.

Mary Stuart. Now, fair sir,
What say you to my chance on wager? here
I think to outshoot your archery. — By my life,
That too must fail if hope now fail me; these

That ride so far off yet, being come, shall bring
Death or deliverance. Prithee, speak but once;
Aside to Mary Beaton.
Say, these are they we looked for; say, thou too
Hadst hope to meet them; say, they should be here,
And I did well to look for them; O God!
Say but I was not mad to hope; see there;
Speak, or I die.

Mary Beaton. Nay, not before they come.

Mary Stuart. Dost thou not hear my heart? it speaks so loud
I can hear nothing of them. Yet I will not
Fail in mine enemy's sight. This is mine hour
That was to be for triumph; God, I pray,
Stretch not its length out longer!

Mary Beaton. It is past.

Enter Sir Thomas Gorges, Sir William Wade, and Soldiers.

Mary Stuart. What man is this that stands across our way?

Gorges. One that hath warrant, madam, from the queen
To arrest your French and English secretary
And for more surety see yourself removed
To present ward at Tixall here hard by,
As in this paper stands of her subscribed.
Lay hands on them.

Mary Stuart. Was this your riddle's word?
To Paulet.
You have shot beyond me indeed, and shot to death
Your honour with my life. — Draw, sirs, and stand;
Ye have swords yet left to strike with once, and die
By these our foes are girt with. Some good friend —
I should have one yet left of you — take heart
And slay me here. For God's love, draw; they have not
So large a vantage of us we must needs
Bear back one foot from peril. Give not way;
Ye shall but die more shamefully than here
Who can but here die fighting. What, no man?
Must I find never at my need alive
A man with heart to help me? O, my God,
Let me die now and foil them! Paulet, you,
Most knightly liar and traitor, was not this
Part of your charge, to play my hangman too,
Who have played so well my doomsman, and betrayed
So honourably my trust, so bravely set
A snare so loyal to make sure for death
So poor a foolish woman? Sir, or you
That have this gallant office, great as his,

To do the deadliest errand and most vile
That even your mistress ever laid on man
And sent her basest knave to bear and slay,
You are likewise of her chivalry, and should not
Shrink to fulfil your title; being a knight,
For her dear sake that made you, lose not heart
To strike for her one worthy stroke, that may
Rid me defenceless of the loathed long life
She gapes for like a bloodhound. Nay, I find
A face beside you that should bear for me
Not life inscribed upon it; two years since
I read therein at Sheffield what goodwill
She bare toward me that sent to treat withal
So mean a man and shameless, by his tongue
To smite mine honour on the face, and turn
My name of queen to servant; by his hand
So let her turn my life's name now to death,
Which I would take more thankfully than shame
To plead and thus prevail not.

Paul. Madam, no,
With us you may not in such suit prevail
Nor we by words or wrath of yours be moved
To turn their edge back on you, nor remit
The least part of our office, which deserves
Nor scorn of you nor wonder, whose own act
Has laid it on us; wherefore with less rage
Please you take thought now to submit yourself,
Even for your own more honour, to the effect

Whose cause was of your own device, that here
Bears fruit unlooked for; which being ripe in time
You cannot choose but taste of, nor may we
But do the season's bidding, and the queen's
Who weeps at heart to know it. — Disarm these men;
Take you the prisoners to your present ward
And hence again to London; here meanwhile
Some week or twain their lady must lie close
And with a patient or impatient heart
Expect an end and word of judgment: I
Must with Sir William back to Chartley straight
And there make inquisition ere day close
What secret serpents of what treasons hatched
May in this lady's papers lurk, whence we
Must pluck the fangs forth of them yet unfleshed,
And lay these plots like dead and strangled snakes
Naked before the council.

Mary Stuart. I must go?

Gorges. Madam, no help; I pray your pardon.

Mary Stuart. Ay?

Had I your pardon in this hand to give,
And here in this my vengeance — Words, and words!
God, for thy pity! what vile thing is this
That thou didst make of woman? even in death,
As in the extremest evil of all our lives,
We can but curse or pray, but prate and weep,

And all our wrath is wind that works no wreck,
And all our fire as water. Noble sirs,
We are servants of your servants, and obey
The beck of your least groom; obsequiously,
We pray you but report of us so much,
Submit us to you. Yet would I take farewell,
May it not displease you, for old service' sake,
Of one my servant here that was, and now
Hath no word for me; yet I blame him not,
Who am past all help of man; God witness me,
I would not chide now, Gilbert, though my tongue
Had strength yet left for chiding, and its edge
Were yet a sword to smite with, or my wrath
A thing that babes might shrink at; only this
Take with you for your poor queen's true last word,
That if they let me live so long to see
The fair wife's face again from whose soft side,
Now labouring with your child, by violent hands
You are reft perforce for my sake, while I live
I will have charge of her more carefully
Than of mine own life's keeping, which indeed
I think not long to keep, nor care, God knows,
How soon or how men take it. Nay, good friend,
Weep not; my weeping time is wellnigh past,
And theirs whose eyes have too much wept for me

Should last no longer. Sirs, I give you thanks
For thus much grace and patience shown of you,
My gentle gaolers, towards a queen unqueened
Who shall nor get nor crave again of man
What grace may rest in him to give her.
Come,
Bring me to bonds again, and her with me
That hath not stood so nigh me all these years
To fall ere life doth from my side, or take
Her way to death without me till I die.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II

WALSINGHAM

ACT II.

SCENE I. — *Windsor Castle.*

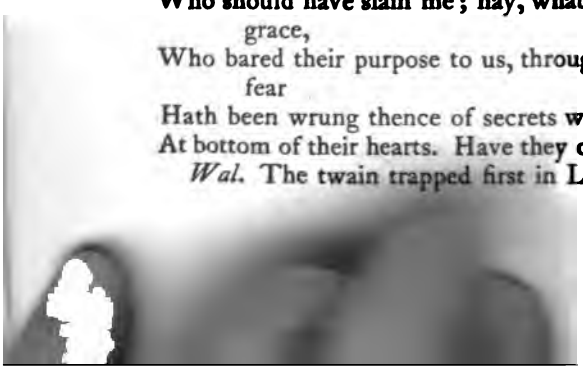
Queen Elizabeth and Sir Francis Walsingham.

Elizabeth. What will ye make me? Let the council know
I am yet their loving mistress, but they lay
Too strange a burden on my love who send
As to their servant word what ways to take,
What sentence of my subjects given subscribe
And in mine own name utter. Bid them wait;
Have I not patience? and was never quick
To teach my tongue the deadly word of death,
Lest one day strange tongues blot my fame with blood;
The red addition of my sister's name
Shall brand not mine.

Walsingham. God grant your mercy shown
Mark not your memory like a martyr's red
With pure imperial heart's-blood of your own
Shed through your own sweet-spirited height of heart
That held your hand from justice.

Eliz. I would rather
Stand in God's sight so signed with mine own blood

Than with a sister's — innocent; or indeed
Though guilty — being a sister's — might I choose,
As being a queen I may not surely — no —
I may not choose, you tell me.
Wal. Nay, no man
Hath license of so large election given
As once to choose, being servant called of God,
If he will serve or no, or save the name
And slack the service.
Eliz. Yea, but in his Word
I find no word that whets for king-killing
The sword kings bear for justice; yet I doubt,
Being drawn, it may not choose but strike at root —
Being drawn to cut off treason. Walsingham,
You are more a statesman than a gospeller;
Take for your tongue's text now no text of God's,
But what the devil has put into their lips
Who should have slain me; nay, what by God's grace,
Who bared their purpose to us, through pain or fear
Hath been wrung thence of secrets writ in fire
At bottom of their hearts. Have they confessed?
Wal. The twain trapped first in London.



Eliz. What, the priest?
Their twice-turned Ballard, ha?
Wal. Madam, not he.
Eliz. God's blood! ye have spared not him the torment, knaves?
Of all I would not spare him.
Wal. Verily, no;
The rack hath spun his life's thread out so fine
There is but left for death to slit in twain
The thickness of a spider's.
Eliz. Ay, still dumb?
Wal. Dumb for all good the pains can get of him;
Had he drunk dry the chalice of his craft
Brewed in design abhorred of even his friends
With poisonous purpose toward your majesty,
He had kept scarce harder silence.
Eliz. Poison? ay —
That should be still the churchman's household sword
Or saintly staff to bruise crowned heads from far
And break them with his precious balms that smell
Rank as the jaws of death, or festal fume
When Rome yet reeked with Borgia; but the rest
Had grace enow to grant me for goodwill
Some death more gracious than a rat's? God wot,

I am bounden to them, and will charge for this
The hangman thank them heartily; they shall not
Lack daylight means to die by. God, meseems,
Will have me not die darkling like a dog,
Who hath kept my lips from poison and my heart
From shot of English knave or Spanish, both
Dubbed of the devil or damned his doctors, whom
My riddance from all ills that plague man's life
Should have made great in record; and for wage
Your Ballard hath not better hap to fee
Than Lopez had or Parry. Well, he lies
As dumb in bonds as those dead dogs in earth,
You say, but of his fellows newly ta'en
There are that keep not silence: what say these?
Pour in mine ears the poison of their plot
Whose fangs have stung the silly snakes to death.

Wal. The first a soldier, Savage, in these wars
That sometime serving sought a traitor's luck
Under the prince Farnese, then of late
At Rheims was tempted of our traitors there,
Of one in chief, Gifford the seminarist,
My smock-faced spy's good uncle, to take off
Or the earl of Leicester or your gracious self;
And since his passage hither, to confirm

His hollow-hearted hardihood, hath had
Word from this doctor more solicitous yet
Sent by my knave his nephew, who of late
Was in the seminary of so deadly seed
Their reader in philosophy, that their head,
Even Cardinal Allen, holds for just and good
The purpose laid upon his hand; this man
Makes yet more large confession than of this,
Saying from our Gilbert's trusty mouth he had
Assurance that in Italy the Pope
Hath levies raised against us, to set forth
For seeming succour toward the Parmesan,
But in their actual aim bent hither, where
With French and Spaniards in one front of war
They might make in upon us; but from France
No foot shall pass for inroad on our peace
Till — so they phrase it — by these Catholics here
Your majesty be taken, or —

Eliz. No more —

But only taken? springed but bird-like? Ha!
They are something tender of our poor personal chance —
Temperately tender: yet I doubt the springe
Had haply maimed me no less deep than life
Sits next the heart most mortal. Or — so be it
I slip the springe — what yet may shackle France,
Hang weights upon their purpose who should else
Be great of heart against us? They take time

Till I be taken — or till what signal else
As favourable?
Wal. Till she they serve be brought
Safe out of Paulet's keeping.
Eliz. Ay? they know him
So much my servant, and his guard so good,
That sound of strange feet marching on our soil
Against us in his prisoner's name perchance
Might from the walls wherein she sits his guest
Raise a funereal echo? Yet I think
He would not dare — what think'st thou might he dare
Without my word for warrant? If I knew
This—
Wal. It should profit not your grace to know
What may not be conceivable for truth
Without some stain on honour.
Eliz. Nay, I say not
That I would have him take upon his hand
More than his trust may warrant: yet have men,
Good men, for very truth of their good hearts
Put loyal hand to work as perilous — well,
God wot I would not have him so transgress —
If such be called transgressors.
Wal. Let the queen
Rest well assured he shall not. So far forth
Our swordsman Savage witnesses of these
That moved him toward your murder but in trust

Thereby to bring invasion over sea:
Which one more gently natured of his birth,
Tichborne, protests with very show of truth
That he would give no ear to, knowing, he saith,
The miseries of such conquest: nor, it seems,
Heard this man aught of murderous purpose bent
Against your highness.
Eliz. Naught? why then, again,
To him I am yet more bounden, who may think,
Being found but half my traitor, at my hands
To find but half a hangman.
Wal. Nay, the man
Herein seems all but half his own man, being
Made merely out of stranger hearts and brains
Their engine of conspiracy; for thus
Forsooth he pleads, that Babington his friend
First showed him how himself was wrought upon
By one man's counsel and persuasion, one
Held of great judgment, Ballard, on whose head
All these lay all their forfeit.
Eliz. Yet shall each
Pay for himself red coin of ransom down
In costlier drops than gold is. But of these
Why take we thought? their natural-subject blood
Can wash not out their sanguine-sealed attempt,
Nor leave us marked as tyrant: only she
That is the head and heart of all your fears

Whose hope or fear is England's, quick or dead,
Leaves or imperilled or impeached of blood
Me that with all but hazard of mine own,
God knows, would yet redeem her. I will write
With mine own hand to her privily, — what else? —
Saying, if by word as privy from her hand
She will confess her treasonous practices,
They shall be wrapped in silence up, and she
By judgment live unscathed.
Wal. Being that she is,
So surely will she deem of your great grace,
And see it but as a snare set wide, or net
Spread in the bird's sight vainly.
Eliz. Why, then, well:
She, casting off my grace, from all men's grace
Cuts off herself, and even aloud avows
By silence and suspect of jealous heart
Her manifest foul conscience: on which proof
I will proclaim her to the parliament
So self-convicted. Yet I would not have
Her name and life by mortal evidence
Touched at the trial of them that now shall die
Or by their charge attainted: lest myself
Fall in more peril of her friends than she
Stands yet in shot of judgment.
Wal. Be assured,
Madam, the process of their treasons judged

Shall tax not her before her trial-time
With public note of clear complicity
Even for that danger's sake which moves you.
Eliz. Me
So much it moves not for my mere life's sake
Which I would never buy with fear of death
As for the general danger's and the shame's
Thence cast on queenship and on womanhood
By means of such a murderess. But, for them,
I would the merited manner of their death
Might for more note of terror be referred
To me and to my council: these at least
Shall hang for warning in the world's wide eye
More high than common traitors, with more pains
Being ravished forth of their more villainous lives
Than feed the general throat of justice. Her
Shall this too touch, whom none that serves henceforth
But shall be sure of hire more terrible
Than all past wage of treason.
Wal. Why, so far
As law gives leave —
Eliz. What prat'st thou me of law?
God's blood! is law for man's sake made, or man
For law's sake only, to be held in bonds,

Led lovingly like hound in huntsman's leash
Or child by finger, not for help or stay,
But hurt and hindrance? Is not all this land
And all its hope and surety given to time
Of sovereignty and freedom, all the fame
And all the fruit of manhood hence to be,
More than one rag or relic of its law
Wherewith all these lie shackled? as too sure
Have states no less than ours been done to death
With gentle counsel and soft-handed rule
For fear to snap one thread of ordinance
Though thence the state were strangled.
Wal. Madam, yet
There need no need be here of law's least breach,
That of all else is worst necessity —
Being such a mortal medicine to the state
As poison drunk to expel a feverish taint
Which air or sleep might purge as easily.
Eliz. Ay, but if air be poison-struck with plague
Or sleep to death lie palsied, fools were they,
Faint hearts and faithless, who for health's fair sake
Should fear to cleanse air, pierce and probe the trance,
With purging fire or iron. Have your way.
God send good end of all this, and procure

Some mean whereby mine enemies' craft and his
May take no feet but theirs in their own toils,
And no blood shed be innocent as mine.

Scene II. — *Chartley.*

Mary Beaton and Sir Amyas Paulet.

Paulet. You should do well to bid her less be moved
Who needs fear less of evil. Since we came
Again from Tixall this wild mood of hers
Hath vexed her more than all men's enmities
Should move a heart more constant. Verily,
I thought she had held more rule upon herself
Than to call out on beggars at the gate
When she rode forth, crying she had nought to give,
Being all as much a beggar too as they,
With all things taken from her.

Mary Beaton. Being so served,
In sooth she should not show nor shame nor spleen:
It was but seventeen days ye held her there
Away from all attendance, as in bonds
Kept without change of raiment, and to find,
Being thence haled hither again, no nobler use,
But all her papers plundered — then her keys
By force of violent threat wrung from the hand

She scarce could stir to help herself abed:
These were no matters that should move her.
Paul. None,
If she be clean of conscience, whole of heart,
Nor else than pure in purpose, but maligned
Of men's suspicions: how should one thus wronged
But hold all hard chance good to approve her case
Blameless, give praise for all, turn all to thanks
That might unload her of so sore a charge,
Despoiled not, but disburdened? Her great wrath
Pleads hard against her, and itself spake loud
Alone, ere other witness might unseal
Wrath's fierce interpretation: which ere long
Was of her secretaries expounded.
Mary Beaton. Sir,
As you are honourable, and of equal heart
Have shown such grace as man being manful may
To such a piteous prisoner as desires
Nought now but what may hurt not loyalty
Though you comply therewith to comfort her,
Let her not think your spirit so far incensed
By wild words of her mistress cast on you
In heat of heart and bitter fire of spleen
That you should now close ears against a prayer
Which else might fairly find them open.

Paul. Speak
More short and plainly: what I well may grant
Shall so seem easiest granted.
Mary Beaton. There should be
No cause I think to seal your lips up, though
I crave of them but so much breath as may
Give mine ear knowledge of the witness borne
(If aught of witness were against her borne)
By those her secretaries you spake of.
Paul. This
With hard expostulation was drawn forth
At last of one and other, that they twain
Had writ by record from their lady's mouth
To Babington some letter which implies
Close conscience of his treason, and goodwill
To meet his service with complicity:
But one thing found therein of deadliest note
The Frenchman swore they set not down, nor she
Bade write one word of favour nor assent
Answering this murderous motion toward our queen:
Only, saith he, she held herself not bound
For love's sake to reveal it, and thereby
For love of enemies do to death such friends
As only for her own love's sake were found
Fit men for murderous treason: and so much
Her own hand's transcript of the word she sent
Should once produced bear witness of her.

Mary Beaton. Ay?
How then came this withholden?
Paul. If she speak
But truth, why, truth should sure be manifest,
And shall, with God's good will, to good men's joy
That wish not evil: as at Fotheringay
When she shall come to trial must be tried
If it be truth or no: for which assay
You shall do toward her well and faithfully
To bid her presently prepare her soul
That it may there make answer.
Mary Beaton. Presently?
Paul. Upon the arraignment of her friends who stand
As 't were at point of execution now
Ere sentence pass upon them of their sin.
Would you no more with me?
Mary Beaton. I am bounden to you
For thus much tidings granted.
Paul. So farewell. *Exit.*
Mary Beaton. So fare I well or ill as one who knows
He shall not fare much further toward his end.
Here looms on me the landmark of my life
That I have looked for now some score of years
Even with long-suffering eagerness of heart
And a most hungry patience. I did know,

Yea, God, thou knowest I knew this all that while,
From that day forth when even these eyes beheld
Fall the most faithful head in all the world,
Toward her most loving and of me most loved,
By doom of hers that was so loved of him
He could not love me nor his life at all
Nor his own soul nor aught that all men love,
Nor could fear death nor very God, or care
If there were aught more merciful in heaven
Than love on earth had been to him. Chastelard!
I have not had the name upon my lips
That stands for sign of love the truest in man
Since first love made him sacrifice of men,
This long sad score of years retributive
Since it was cast out of her heart and mind
Who made it mean a dead thing; nor, I think,
Will she remember it before she die
More than in France the memories of old friends
Are like to have yet forgotten; but for me,
Haply thou knowest, so death not all be death,
If all these years I have had not in my mind
Through all these chances this one thought in all,
That I shall never leave her till she die.
Nor surely now shall I much longer serve

Who fain would lie down at her foot and sleep,
Fain, fain have done with waking. Yet my soul
Knows, and yet God knows, I would set not hand
To such a work as might put on the time
And make death's foot more forward for her sake:
Yea, were it to deliver mine own soul
From bondage and long-suffering of my life,
I would not set mine hand to work her wrong.
Tempted I was — but hath God need of me
To work his judgment, bring his time about,
Approve his justice if the word be just
That whoso doeth shall suffer his own deed,
Bear his own blow, to weep tears back for tears,
And bleed for bloodshed? God should spare me this
That once I held the one good hope on earth,
To be the mean and engine of her end
Or some least part at least therein: I prayed,
God, give me so much grace — who now should pray,
Tempt me not, God. My heart swelled once to know
I bore her death about me; as I think
Indeed I bear it: but what need hath God
That I should clench his doom with craft of mine?

What needs the wrath of hot Elizabeth
Be blown aflame with mere past writing read,
Which hath to enkindle it higher already proof
Of present practice on her state and life?
Shall fear of death or love of England fail
Or memory faint or foresight fall stark blind,
That there should need the whet and spur of shame
To turn her spirit into some chafing snake's
And make its fang more feared for mortal? Yet
I am glad, and I repent me not, to know
I have the writing in my bosom sealed
That bears such matter with her own hand signed
As she that yet repents her not to have writ
Repents her not that she refrained to send
And fears not but long since it felt the fire —
Being fire itself to burn her, yet unquenched,
But in my hand here covered harmless up
Which had in charge to burn it. What perchance
Might then the reading of it have wrought for us,
If all this fiery poison of her scoffs
Making the foul froth of a serpent's tongue
More venomous, and more deadly toward her queen
Even Bess of Hardwick's bitterest babbling tales,
Had touched at heart the Tudor vein indeed?

Enough it yet were surely, though that vein
Were now the gentlest that such hearts may hold
And all doubt's trembling balance that way bent,
To turn as with one mortal grain cast in
The scale of grace against her life that writ
And weigh down pity deathward.

Enter Mary Stuart.

Mary Stuart. Have we found
Such kindness of our keeper as may give
Some ease from expectation? or must hope
Still fret for ignorance how long here we stay
As men abiding judgment?

Mary Beaton. Now not long,
He tells me, need we think to tarry; since
The time and place of trial are set, next month
To hold it in the castle of Fotheringay.

Mary Stuart. Why, he knows well I were full easily moved
To set forth hence; there must I find more scope
To commune with the ambassador of France
By letter thence to London: but, God help,
Think these folk truly, doth she verily think,
What never man durst yet nor woman dreamed,
May one that is nor man nor woman think,
To bring a queen born subject of no laws
Here in subjection of an alien law
By foreign force of judgment? Were she wise,
Might she not have me privily made away?

And being nor wise nor valiant but of tongue,
Could she find yet foolhardiness of heart
Enough to attaint the rule of royal rights
With murderous madness? I will think not this
Till it be proven indeed.
Mary Beaton. A month come round,
This man protests, will prove it.
Mary Stuart. Ay! protests?
What protestation of what Protestant
Can unmake law that was of God's mouth made,
Unwrite the writing of the world, unsay
The general saying of ages? If I go,
Compelled of God's hand or constrained of man's,
Yet God shall bid me not nor man enforce
My tongue to plead before them for my life.
I had rather end as kings before me, die
Rather by shot or stroke of murderous hands,
Than so make answer once in face of man
As one brought forth to judgment. Are they mad,
And she most mad for envious heart of all,
To make so mean account of me? Methought,
When late we came back hither soiled and spent
And sick with travel, I had seen their worst of wrong
Full-faced, with its most outrage: when I found

My servant Curle's young new-delivered wife
Without priest's comfort and her babe unblessed
A nameless piteous thing born ere its time,
And took it from the mother's arms abed
And bade her have good comfort, since myself
Would take all charge against her husband laid
On mine own head to answer; deeming not
Man ever durst bid answer for myself
On charge as mortal: and mine almoner gone,
Did I not crave of Paulet for a grace
His chaplain might baptize me this poor babe,
And was denied it, and with mine own hands
For shame and charity moved to christen her
There with scant ritual in his heretic sight
By mine own woful name, whence God, I pray,
For her take off its presage? I misdeemed,
Who deemed all these and yet far more than these
For one born queen indignities enough,
On one crowned head enough of buffets: more
Hath time's hand laid upon me: yet I keep
Faith in one word I spake to Paulet, saying
Two things were mine though I stood spoiled of all
As of my letters and my privy coin
By pickpurse hands of office: these things yet
Might none take thievish hold upon to strip

His prisoner naked of her natural dower,
The blood yet royal running here unspilled
And that religion which I think to keep
Fast as this royal blood until I die.
So where at last and howsoe'er I fare
I need not much take thought, nor thou for love
Take of thy mistress pity; yet meseems
They dare not work their open will on me:
But God's it is that shall be done, and I
Find end of all in quiet. I would sleep
On this strange news of thine, that being awake
I may the freshlier front my sense thereof
And thought of life or death. Come in with me.

Scene III. — *Tyburn.*

A Crowd of Citizens.

1st Citizen. Is not their hour yet on? Men say the queen
Bade spare no jot of torment in their end
That law might lay upon them.
2nd Citizen. Truth it is,
To spare what scourge soe'er man's justice may
Twist for such caitiff traitors were to grieve
God's with mere inobservance. Hear you not
How yet the loud lewd braggarts of their side
Keep heart to threaten that for all this foil
They are not foiled indeed, but yet the work

Shall prosper with deliverance of their queen
And death for her of ours, though they should give
Of their own lives for one an hundredfold?
3rd Citizen. These are bold mouths; one that shall die to-day,
Being this last week arraigned at Westminster,
Had no such heart, they say, to his defence,
Who was the main head of their treasons.
1st Cit. Ay,
And yesterday, if truth belie not him,
Durst with his doomed hand write some word of prayer
To the queen's self, her very grace, to crave
Grace of her for his gracelessness, that she
Might work on one too tainted to deserve
A miracle of compassion, whence her fame
For pity of sins too great for pity of man
Might shine more glorious than his crime showed foul
In the eye of such a mercy.
2nd Cit. Yet men said
He spake at his arraignment soberly
With clear mild looks and gracious gesture, showing
The purport of his treasons in such wise
That it seemed pity of him to hear them, how
All their beginnings and proceedings had

First head and fountain only for their spring
From ill persuasions of that poisonous priest
Who stood the guiltiest near, by this man's side
Approved a valiant villain. Barnwell next,
Who came but late from Ireland here to court,
Made simply protestation of design
To work no personal ill against the queen
Nor paint rebellion's face as murder's red
With blood imperial: Tichborne then avowed
He knew the secret of their aim, and kept,
And held forsooth himself no traitor; yet
In the end would even plead guilty, Donne with him,
And Salisbury, who not less professed he still
Stood out against the killing of the queen,
And would not hurt her for a kingdom: so,
When thus all these had pleaded, one by one
Was each man bid say fairly, for his part,
Why sentence should not pass: and Ballard first,
Who had been so sorely racked he might not stand,
Spake, but as seems to none effect: of whom
Said Babington again, he set them on,
He first, and most of all him, who believed
This priest had power to assoil his soul alive
Of all else mortal treason: Ballard then,
As in sad scorn—*Yea, Master Babington,*
Quoth he, *lay all upon me, but I wish*

For you the shedding of my blood might be
The saving of your life: howbeit, for that,
Say what you will; and I will say no more.
Nor spake the swordsman Savage aught again,
Who, first arraigned, had first avowed his cause
Guilty: nor yet spake Tichborne aught: but Donne
Spake, and the same said Barnwell, each had sinned
For very conscience only: Salisbury last
Besought the queen remission of his guilt.
Then spake Sir Christopher Hatton for the rest
That sat with him commissioners, and showed
How by dark doctrine of the seminaries
And instance most of Ballard had been brought
To extreme destruction here of body and soul
A sort of brave youths otherwise endowed
With goodly gifts of birthright: and in fine
There was the sentence given that here even now
Shows seven for dead men in our present sight
And shall bring six to-morrow forth to die.

Enter Babington, Ballard (carried in a chair), Tichborne, Savage, Barnwell, Tilney, and Abington, guarded: Sheriff, Executioner, Chaplain, &c.

1st Cit. What, will they speak?

2nd Cit. Ay; each hath leave in turn
To show what mood he dies in toward his cause.

Ballard. Sirs, ye that stand to see us take our doom,
I being here given this grace to speak to you
Have but my word to witness for my soul,
That all I have done and all designed to do
Was only for advancement of true faith
To furtherance of religion: for myself
Aught would I never, but for Christ's dear church
Was mine intent all wholly, to redeem
Her sore affliction in this age and land,
As now may not be yet: which knowing for truth,
I am readier even at heart to die than live.
And dying I crave of all men pardon whom
My doings at all have touched, or who thereat
Take scandal; and forgiveness of the queen
If on this cause I have offended her.
Savage. The like say I, that have no skill in speech,
But heart enough with faith at heart to die,
Seeing but for conscience and the common good,
And no preferment but this general weal,
I did attempt this business.
Barnwell. I confess
That I, whose seed was of that hallowed earth
Whereof each pore hath sweated blood for Christ,
Had note of these men's drifts, which I deny

That ever I consented with or could
In conscience hold for lawful. That I came
To spy for them occasions in the court
And there being noted of her majesty
She seeing mine eyes peer sharply like a man's
That had such purpose as she wist before
Prayed God that all were well — if this were urged,
I might make answer, it was not unknown
To divers of the council that I there
Had matters to solicit of mine own
Which thither drew me then: yet I confess
That Babington, espying me thence returned,
Asked me what news: to whom again I told,
Her majesty had been abroad that day,
With all the circumstance I saw there. Now
If I have done her majesty offence
I crave her pardon: and assuredly
If this my body's sacrifice might yet
Establish her in true religion, here
Most willingly should this be offered up.

Tilney. I came not here to reason of my faith,
But to die simply like a Catholic, praying
Christ give our queen Elizabeth long life,
And warning all youth born take heed by me.

Abington. I likewise, and if aught I have erred in aught
I crave but pardon as for ignorant sin,

Holding at all points firm the Catholic faith;
And all things charged against me I confess,
Save that I ever sought her highness' death:
In whose poor kingdom yet ere long I fear
Will be great bloodshed.
Sheriff. Seest thou, Abington,
Here all these people present of thy kind
Whose blood shall be demanded at thy hands
If dying thou hide what might endanger them?
Speak therefore, why or by what mortal mean
Should there be shed such blood?
Abing. All that I know
You have on record: take but this for sure,
This country lives for its iniquity
Loathed of all countries, and God loves it not.
Whereon I pray you trouble me no more
With questions of this world, but let me pray
And in mine own wise make my peace with God.
Bab. For me, first head of all this enterprise,
I needs must make this record of myself,
I have not conspired for profit, but in trust
Of men's persuasions whence I stood assured
This work was lawful which I should have done
And meritorious as toward God; for which
No less I crave forgiveness of my queen
And that my brother may possess my lands
In heritage else forfeit with my head.

Tich. Good countrymen and my dear friends you look
For something to be said of me, that am
But an ill orator; and my text is worse.
Vain were it to make full discourse of all
This cause that brings me hither, which before
Was all made bare, and is well known to most
That have their eyes upon me: let me stand
For all young men, and most for those born high,
Their present warning here: a friend I had,
Ay, and a dear friend, one of whom I made
No small account, whose friendship for pure love
To this hath brought me: I may not deny
He told me all the matter, how set down,
And ready to be wrought; which always I
Held impious, and denied to deal therein:
But only for my friend's regard was I
Silent, and verified a saying in me,
Who so consented to him. Ere this thing chanced,
How brotherly we twain lived heart in heart
Together, in what flourishing estate,
This town well knows: of whom went all report
Through her loud length of Fleetstreet and the Strand
And all parts else that sound men's fortunate names,

But Babington and Tichborne? that therein
There was no haughtiest threshold found of force
To brave our entry; thus we lived our life,
And wanted nothing we might wish for: then,
For me, what less was in my head, God knows,
Than high state matters? Give me now but leave
Scarce to declare the miseries I sustained
Since I took knowledge of this action, whence
To his estate I well may liken mine,
Who could forbear not one forbidden thing
To enjoy all else afforded of the world:
The terror of my conscience hung on me;
Who, taking heed what perils girt me, went
To Sir John Peters hence in Essex, there
Appointing that my horses by his mean
Should meet me here in London, whence I thought
To flee into the country: but being here
I heard how all was now bewrayed abroad:
Whence Adam-like we fled into the woods
And there were taken. My dear countrymen,
Albeit my sorrows well may be your joy,
Yet mix your smiles with tears: pity my case,
Who, born out of an house whose name descends
Even from two hundred years ere English earth
Felt Norman heel upon her, were it yet

Till this mishap of mine unspotted. Sirs,
I have a wife, and one sweet child: my wife,
My dear wife Agnes: and my grief is there,
And for six sisters too left on my hand:
All my poor servants were dispersed, I know,
Upon their master's capture: all which things
Most heartily I sorrow for: and though
Nought might I less have merited at her hands,
Yet had I looked for pardon of my fault
From the queen's absolute grace and clemency;
That the unexpired remainder of my years
Might in some sort have haply recompensed
This former guilt of mine whereof I die:
But seeing such fault may find not such release
Even of her utter mercies, heartily
I crave at least of her and all the world
Forgiveness, and to God commend my soul,
And to men's memory this my penitence
Till our death's record die from out the land.

1st Cit. God pardon him! Stand back: what ail these knaves
To drive and thrust upon us? Help me, sir;
I thank you: hence we take them full in view:
Hath yet the hangman there his knife in hand?

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT III

BURGHLEY

ACT III.

SCENE I. *The presence-chamber in Fotheringay Castle. At the upper end, a chair of state as for Queen Elizabeth; opposite, in the centre of the hall, a chair for Mary Stuart. The Commissioners seated on either side along the wall: to the right the Earls, with Lord Chancellor Bromley and Lord Treasurer Burghley; to the left, the Barons, with the Knights of the Privy Council, among them Walsingham and Paulet; Popham, Egerton, and Gawdy, as Counsel for the Crown. Enter Mary Stuart, supported by Sir Andrew Melville, and takes her place.*

Mary Stuart. Here are full many men of counsel met;
Not one for me. *The Chancellor rises.*
Bromley. Madam, this court is held
To make strait inquisition as by law
Of what with grief of heart our queen has heard,
A plot upon her life, against the faith
Here in her kingdom established: on which cause
Our charge it is to exact your answer here
And put to proof your guilt or innocence.
Mary Stuart (*rising*). Sirs, whom by strange constraint I stand before,
My lords, and not my judges, since no law

Can hold to mortal judgment answerable
A princess free-born of all courts on earth,
I rise not here to make response as one
Responsible toward any for my life
Or of mine acts accountable to man,
Who see none higher save only God in heaven:
I am no natural subject of your land
That I should here plead as a criminal charged,
Nor in such wise appear I now: I came
On your queen's faith to seek in England help
By trothplight pledged me: where by promise-breach
I am even since then her prisoner held in ward:
Yet, understanding by report of you
Some certain things I know not of to be
Against me brought on record, by my will
I stand content to hear and answer these.

Brom. Madam, there lives none born on earth so high
Who for this land's laws' breach within this land
Shall not stand answerable before those laws.

Burghley. Let there be record of the prisoner's plea
And answer given such protest here set down,
And so proceed we to this present charge.

Gawdy. My lords, to unfold by length of circumstance
The model of this whole conspiracy

Should lay the pattern of all treasons bare
That ever brought high state in danger: this
No man there lives among us but hath heard,
How certain men of our queen's household folk
Being wrought on by persuasion of their priests
Drew late a bond between them, binding these
With others of their faith accomplices
Directed first of Anthony Babington
By mean of six for execution chosen
To slay the queen their mistress, and thereon
Make all her trustiest men of trust away;
As my lord treasurer Burghley present here,
Lord Hunsdon, and Sir Francis Walsingham,
And one that held in charge awhile agone
This lady now on trial, Sir Francis Knowles.
That she was hereto privy, to her power
Approving and abetting their device,
It shall not stand us in much need to show
Whose proofs are manifoldly manifest
On record written of their hands and hers.

Mary Stuart. Of all this I know nothing:
Babington
I have used for mine intelligencer, sent
With letters charged at need, but never yet
Spake with him, never writ him word of mine
As privy to these close conspiracies
Nor word of his had from him. Never came
One harmful thought upon me toward your queen,

Nor knowledge ever that of other hearts
Was harm designed against her. Proofs, ye say,
Forsooth ye hold to impeach me: I desire
But only to behold and handle them
If they in sooth of sense be tangible
More than mere air and shadow.
Burgh. Let the clerk
Produce those letters writ from Babington.
Mary Stuart. What then? it may be such were writ of him:
Be it proved that they came ever in my hands.
If Babington affirm so much, I say
He, or who else will say it, lies openly.
Gaw. Here is the man's confession writ, and here
Ballard's the Jesuit, and the soldier's here,
Savage, that served with Parma.
Mary Stuart. What of these?
Traitors they were, and traitor-like they lied.
Gaw. And here the last her letter of response
Confirming and approving in each point
Their purpose, writ direct to Babington.
Mary Stuart. My letter? none of mine it is: perchance
It may be in my cipher charactered,
But never came from or my tongue or hand:
I have sought mine own deliverance, and thereto
Solicited of my friends their natural help:

Yet certain whom I list not name there were,
Whose offers made of help to set me free
Receiving, yet I answered not a word.
Howbeit, desiring to divert the storm
Of persecution from the church, for this
To your queen's grace I have made most earnest suit:
But for mine own part I would purchase not
This kingdom with the meanest one man's death
In all its commonalty, much less the queen's.
Many there be have dangerously designed
Things that I knew not: yea, but very late
There came a letter to my hand which craved
My pardon if by enterprise of some
Were undertaken aught unknown of me:
A cipher lightly may one counterfeit,
As he that vaunted him of late in France
To be my son's base brother: and I fear
Lest this, for aught mine ignorance of it knows,
May be that secretary's fair handiwork
Who sits to judge me, and hath practised late,
I hear, against my son's life and mine own.
But I protest I have not so much as thought
Nor dreamed upon destruction of the queen:
I had rather spend most gladly mine own life
Than for my sake the Catholics should be thus
Afflicted only in very hate of me

And drawn to death so cruel as these tears
Gush newly forth to think of.
Burgh. Here no man
Who hath showed himself true subject to the state
Was ever for religion done to death:
But some for treason, that against the queen
Upheld the pope's bull and authority.
Mary Stuart. Yet have I heard it otherwise affirmed
And read in books set forth in print as much.
Burgh. They that so write say too the queen hath here
Made forfeit of her royal dignity.
Walsingham. Here I call God to record on my part
That personally or as a private man
I have done nought misbeseeming honesty,
Nor as I bear a public person's place
Done aught thereof unworthy. I confess
That, being right careful of the queen's estate
And safety of this realm, I have curiously
Searched out the practices against it: nay,
Herein had Ballard offered me his help,
I durst not have denied him; yea, I would
Have recompensed the pains he had taken. Say
I have practised aught with him, why did he not,
To save his life, reveal it?
Mary Stuart. Pray you, sir,

Take no displeasure at me: truth it is
Report has found me of your dealings, blown
From lip to ear abroad, wherein myself
I put no credit: and could but desire
Yourself would all as little make account
Of slanders flung on me. Spies, sure, are men
Of doubtful credit, which dissemble things
Far other than they speak. Do not believe
That I gave ever or could give consent
Once to the queen's destruction: I would never,
These tears are bitter witness, never would
Make shipwreck of my soul by compassing
Destruction of my dearest sister.
Gawdy. This
Shall soon by witness be disproved: as here
Even by this letter from Charles Paget's hand
Transcribed, which Curle your secretary hath borne
Plain witness you received, touching a league
Betwixt Mendoza and Ballard, who conferred
Of this land's foreordained invasion, thence
To give you freedom.
Mary Stuart. What of this? ye shoot
Wide of the purpose: this approves not me
Consenting to the queen's destruction.
Gawdy. That
Stands proven enough by word of Babington
Who dying avowed it, and by letters passed

From him to you, whom he therein acclaims
As his most dread and sovereign lady and queen,
And by the way makes mention passingly
Of a plot laid by transference to convey
This kingdom to the Spaniard.
Mary Stuart. I confess
There came a priest unto me, saying if I
Would not herein bear part I with my son
Alike should be debarred the inheritance:
His name ye shall not have of me: but this
Ye know, that openly the Spaniard lays
Claim to your kingdom, and to none will give
Place ever save to me.
Burghley. Still stands the charge
On written witness of your secretaries
Great on all points against you.
Mary Stuart. Wherefore then
Are not these writers with these writings brought
To outface me front to front? For Gilbert Curle,
He is in the Frenchman's hands a waxen toy,
Whom the other, once mine uncle's secretary,
The cardinal's of Lorraine, at his mere will
Moulds, turns, and tempers: being himself a knave
That may be hired or scared with peril or coin
To swear what thing men bid him. Truth again
Is this that I deny not, seeing myself
Against all right held fast in English ward,

I have sought all help where I might hope to find:
Which thing that I dispute not, let this be
The sign that I disclaim no jot of truth
In all objected to me. For the rest,
All majesty that moves in all the world
And all safe station of all princes born
Fall, as things unrespected, to the ground,
If on the testimony of secretaries
And on their writings merely these depend,
Being to their likeness thence debased: for me,
Nought I delivered to them but what first
Nature to me delivered, that I might
Recover yet at length my liberty.
I am not to be convicted save alone
By mine own word or writing. If these men
Have written toward the queen my sister's hurt
Aught, I wist nought of all such writ at all:
Let them be put to punishment: I am sure,
Were these here present, they by testimony
Would bring me clear of blame.

Gaw. Yet by their mean
They could not in excuse of you deny
That letters of communion to and fro
Have passed between you and the Spaniard, whence
What should have come on England and the queen
These both well know, and with what messages

Were English exiles entertained of you
By mean of these men, of your secretaries,
Confirmed and cherished in conspiracy
For this her kingdom's overthrow: in France
Paget and Morgan, traitors in design
Of one close mind with you, and in your name
Cheered hence for constant service.
Mary Stuart. That I sought
Cómfort and furtherance of all Catholic states
By what mean found soever just and good,
Your mistress from myself had note long since
And open warning: uncompelled I made
Avowal of such my righteous purpose, nor
In aught may disavow it. Of these late plots
No proof is here to attaint mine innocence,
Who dare all proof against me: Babington
I know not of, nor Ballard, nor their works,
But kings my kinsmen, powers that serve the church,
These I confess my comforters, in hope
Held fast of their alliance. Yet again
I challenge in the witness of my words
The notes writ of these letters here alleged
In mine own hand: if these ye bring not for
Judge all good men if I be not condemned
In all your hearts already, who perchance
For all this pageant held of lawless law
Have bound yourselves by pledge to speak me dead:

But I would have you look into your souls,
Remembering how the theatre of the world
Is wider, in whose eye ye are judged that judge,
Than this one realm of England.
Burgh. Toward that realm
Suffice it here that, madam, you stand charged
With deadly purpose: being of proven intent
To have your son conveyed to Spain, and give
The title you pretend upon our crown
Up with his wardship to King Philip.
Mary Stuart. Nay,
I have no kingdom left to assign, nor crown
Whereof to make conveyance: yet is this
But lawful, that of all things which are mine
I may dispose at pleasure, and to none
Stand on such count accountable.
Burgh. So be it
So far as may be: but your ciphers sent
By Curle's plain testimony to Babington,
To the lord Lodovic, and to Fernihurst,
Once provost on your part in Edinburgh
By mean of Grange your friend his father-in-law,
Speak not but as with tongue imperial, nor
Of import less than kingdoms.
Mary Stuart. Surely, sir,
Such have I writ, and many; nor therein
Beyond my birth have trespassed, to commend
That lord you speak of, and another, both

My friends in faith, to a cardinal's dignity,
And that, I trust, without offence: except
It be not held as lawful on my part
To commune with the chiefest of my creed
By written word on matters of mine own
As for your queen with churchfolk of her kind.
Burgh. Well were it, madam, that with some of yours
You had held less close communion: since by proof
Reiterated from those your secretaries
It seems you know right well that Morgan, who
Sent Parry privily to despatch the queen,
And have assigned him annual pension.
Mary Stuart. This
I know not, whether or no your charge be truth,
But I do know this Morgan hath lost all
For my sake, and in honour sure I am
That rather to relieve him I stand bound
Than to revenge an injury done your queen
By one that lives my friend, and hath deserved
Well at mine hands: yet, being not bound to this,
I did affright the man from such attempts
Of crimes against her, who contrariwise
Hath out of England openly assigned
Pensions to Gray my traitor, and the Scots
Mine adversaries, as also to my son,
To hire him to forsake me.
Burgh. Nay, but seeing

By negligence of them that steered the state
The revenues of Scotland sore impaired
Somewhat in bounty did her grace bestow
Upon your son the king, her kinsman: whom
She would not, being to her so near of blood,
Forget from charity. No such help it was
Nor no such honest service that your friends
Designed you, who by letters hither writ
To Paget and Mendoza sent as here
Large proffers of strange aid from oversea
To right you by her ruin.

Mary Stuart. Here was nought
Aimed for your queen's destruction: nor is this
Against me to be charged, that foreign friends
Should labour for my liberty. Thus much
At sundry times I have signified aloud
By open message to her, that I would still
Seek mine own freedom. Who shall bar me this?
Who tax me with unreason, that I sent
Unjust conditions on my part to be
To her propounded, which now many times
Have alway found rejection? yea, when even
For hostages I proffered in my stead
To be delivered up with mine own son
The duke of Guise's, both to stand in pledge
That nor your queen nor kingdom should through me

Take aught of damage; so that hence by proof
I see myself utterly from all hope
Already barred of freedom. But I now
Am dealt with most unworthily, whose fame
And honourable repute are called in doubt
Before such foreign men of law as may
By miserable conclusions of their craft
Draw every thin and shallow circumstance
Out into compass of a consequence:
Whereas the anointed heads and consecrate
Of princes are not subject to such laws
As private men are. Next, whereas ye are given
Authority but to look such matters through
As tend to the hurt of your queen's person, yet
Here is the cause so handled, and so far
Here are my letters wrested, that the faith
Which I profess, the immunity and state
Of foreign princes, and their private right
Of mutual speech by word reciprocate
From royal hand to royal, all in one
Are called in question, and myself by force
Brought down beneath my kingly dignity
And made to appear before a judgment-seat
As one held guilty; to none end but this,
All to none other purpose but that I
Might from all natural favour of the queen
Be quite excluded, and my right cut off
From claim hereditary: whereas I stand

Here of mine own goodwill to clear myself
Of all objected to me, lest I seem
To have aught neglected in the full defence
Of mine own innocency and honour. This
Would I bring likewise in your minds, how once
This queen herself of yours, Elizabeth,
Was drawn in question of conspiracy
That Wyatt raised against her sister, yet
Ye know she was most innocent. For me,
With very heart's religion I affirm,
Though I desire the Catholics here might stand
Assured of safety, this I would not yet
Buy with the blood and death of any one.
And on mine own part rather would I play
Esther than Judith; for the people's sake
To God make intercession, than deprive
The meanest of the people born of life.
Mine enemies have made broad report aloud
That I was irreligious: yet the time
Has been I would have learnt the faith ye hold,
But none would suffer me, for all I sought,
To find such teaching at your teachers' hands;
As though they cared not what my soul became.
And now at last, when all ye can ye have done
Against me, and have barred me from my right,
Ye may chance fail yet of your cause and hope.
To God and to the princes of my kin
I make again appeal, from you again

Record my protestation, and reject
All judgment of your court: I had rather die
Thus undishonoured, even a thousand deaths,
Than so bring down the height of majesty;
Yea, and thereby confess myself as bound
By all the laws of England, even in faith
Of things religious, who could never learn
What manner of laws these were: I am destitute
Of counsellors, and who shall be my peers
To judge my cause through and give doom thereon
I am ignorant wholly, being an absolute queen,
And will do nought which may impair that state
In me nor other princes, nor my son;
Since yet my mind is not dejected, nor
Will I sink under my calamity.
My notes are taken from me, and no man
Dares but step forth to be my advocate.
I am clear from all crime done against the queen,
I have stirred not up one man against her: yet,
Albeit of many dangers overpast
I have thoroughly forewarned her, still I found
No credit, but have always been contemned,
Though nearest to her in blood allied. When late
Ye made association, and thereon
An act against their lives on whose behalf,
Though innocent even as ignorance of it, aught
Might be contrived to endangering of the queen
From foreign force abroad, or privy plots

At home of close rebellion, I foresaw
That, whatsoever of peril so might rise
Or more than all this for religion's sake,
My many mortal enemies in her court
Should lay upon me all the charge, and I
Bear the whole blame of all men. Certainly,
I well might take it hardly, nor without
High cause, that such confederacy was made
With mine own son, and I not knowing: but this
I speak not of, being not so grieved thereat
As that mine own dear sister, that the queen,
Is misinformed of me, and I, now kept
These many years in so strait prison, and grown
Lame of my limbs, have lien neglected, nor
For all most reasonable conditions made
Or proffered to redeem my liberty
Found audience or acceptance: and at last
Here am I set with none to plead for me.
But this I pray, that on this matter of mine
Another meeting there be kept, and I
Be granted on my part an advocate
To hold my cause up; or that seeing ye know
I am a princess, I may be believed
By mine own word, being princely: for should I
Stand to your judgment, who most plainly I see
Are armed against me strong in prejudice,
It were mine extreme folly: more than this,
That ever I came to England in such trust

As of the plighted friendship of your queen
And comfort of her promise. Look, my lords,
Here on this ring: her pledge of love was this
And surety sent me when I lay in bonds
Of mine own rebels once: regard it well:
In trust of this I came amongst you: none
But sees what faith I have found to keep this trust.

Burgh. Whereas I bear a double person, being
Commissioner first, then counsellor in this cause,
From me as from the queen's commissioner here
Receive a few words first. Your protest made
Is now on record, and a transcript of it
Shall be delivered you. To us is given
Under the queen's hand our authority, whence
Is no appeal, this grant being ratified
With the great seal of England; nor are we
With prejudice come hither, but to judge
By the straight rule of justice. On their part,
These the queen's learned counsel here in place
Do level at nothing else but that the truth
May come to light, how far you have made offence
Against the person of the queen. To us
Full power is given to hear and diligently
Examine all the matter, though yourself
Were absent: yet for this did we desire

To have your presence here, lest we might seem
To have derogated from your honour: nor
Designed to object against you anything
But what you knew of, or took part therein,
Against the queen's life bent. For this were these
Your letters brought in question, but to unfold
Your aim against her person, and therewith
All matters to it belonging; which perforce
Are so with other matters interlaced
As none may sever them. Hence was there need
Set all these forth, not parcels here and there,
Whose circumstances do the assurance give
Upon what points you dealt with Babington.
Mary Stuart. The circumstances haply may find proof,
But the fact never. Mine integrity
Nor on the memory nor the credit hangs
Of these my secretaries, albeit I know
They are men of honest hearts: yet if they have
Confessed in fear of torture anything
Or hope of guerdon and impunity,
It may not be admitted, for just cause,
Which I will otherwhere allege. Men's minds
Are with affections diversly distraught
And borne about of passion: nor would these
Have ever avowed such things against me, save

For their own hope and profit. Letters may
Toward other hands be outwardly addressed
Than they were writ for: yea, and many times
Have many things been privily slipped in mine
Which from my tongue came never. Were I not
Reft of my papers, and my secretary
Kept from me, better might I then confute
These things cast up against me.

Burgh. But there shall
Be nothing brought against you save what last
Stands charged, even since the nineteenth day of June:
Nor would your papers here avail you, seeing
Your secretaries, and Babington himself,
Being of the rack unquestioned, have affirmed
You sent those letters to him; which though yourself
Deny, yet whether more belief should here
On affirmation or negation hang
Let the commissioners judge. But, to come back,
This next I tell you as a counsellor,
Time after time you have put forth many things
Propounded for your freedom; that all these
Have fallen all profitless, 't is long of you,
And of the Scots; in no wise of the queen.
For first the lords of Scotland, being required,
Flatly refused, to render up the king

In hostage: and when treaty last was held
Upon your freedom, then was Parry sent
By your dependant Morgan privily
To make the queen away by murder.
Mary Stuart. Ah!
You are my adversary.
Burgh. Yea, surely I am
To the queen's adversaries an adversary.
But now hereof enough: let us proceed
Henceforth to proofs.
Mary Stuart. I will not hear them.
Burgh. Yet
Hear them will we.
Mary Stuart. And in another place
I too will hear them, and defend myself.
Gaw. First let your letters to Charles Paget speak,
Wherein you show him there is none other way
For Spain to bring the Netherlands again
To the old obedience, but by setting up
A prince in England that might help his cause:
Then to Lord Paget, to bring hastilier
His forces up for help to invade this land:
And Cardinal Allen's letter, hailing you
His most dread sovereign lady, and signifying
The matter to the Prince of Parma's care
To be commended.
Mary Stuart. I am so sore beset

I know not how by point and circumstance
To meet your manifold impeachments: this
I see through all this charge for evil truth,
That Babington and my two secretaries
Have even to excuse themselves accused me:
yet,
As touching that conspiracy, this I say,
Of those six men for execution chosen
I never heard: and all the rest is nought
To this pretended purpose of your charge.
For Cardinal Allen, whatsoe'er he have writ,
I hold him for a reverend prelate, so
To be esteemed, no more: none save the Pope
Will I acknowledge for the church's head
And sovereign thence on thought or spirit of
mine:
But in what rank and place I stand esteemed
Of him and foreign princes through the world
I know not: neither can I hinder them
By letters writ of their own hearts and hands
To hail me queen of England. As for those
Whose duty and plain allegiance sworn to me
Stands flawed in all men's sight, my secretaries,
These merit no belief. They which have once
Forsworn themselves, albeit they swear again
With oaths and protestations ne'er so great,
Are not to be believed. Nor may these men
By what sworn oath soever hold them bound

In court of conscience, seeing they have sworn to me
Their secrecy and fidelity before,
And are no subjects of this country. Nau
Hath many times writ other than I bade,
And Curle sets down whate'er Nau bids him write;
But for my part I am ready in all to bear
The burden of their fault, save what may lay
A blot upon mine honour. Haply too
These things did they confess to save themselves;
Supposing their avowal could hurt not me,
Who, being a queen, they thought, good ignorant men,
More favourably must needs be dealt withal.
For Ballard, I ne'er heard of any such,
But of one Hallard once that proffered me
Such help as I would none of, knowing this man
Had vowed his service too to Walsingham.

Gaw. Next, from your letters to Mendoza, writ
By Curle, as freely his confession shows,
In privy cipher, take these few brief notes
For perfect witness of your full design.
You find yourself, the Spaniard hears thereby,
Sore troubled what best course to take anew
For your affairs this side the sea, whereon
Charles Paget hath a charge to impart from you

Some certain overtures to Spain and him
In your behalf, whom you desire with prayer
Show freely what he thinks may be obtained
Thus from the king his master. One point more
Have you reserved thereon depending, which
On your behalf you charge him send the king
Some secret word concerning, no man else,
If this be possible, being privy to it:
Even this, that seeing your son's great obstinacy
In heresy, and foreseeing too sure thereon
Most imminent danger and harm thence like to ensue
To the Catholic church, he coming to bear rule
Within this kingdom, you are resolved at heart
In case your son be not reduced again
To the Catholic faith before your death, whereof
Plainly you say small hope is yours so long
As he shall bide in Scotland, to give up
To that said king, and grant in absolute right,
Your claim upon succession to this crown,
By your last will made; praying him on this cause
From that time forth wholly to take yourself
Into his keeping, and therewith the state
And charge of all this country: which, you say,
You cannot for discharge of conscience think
That you could put into a prince's hands
More zealous for your faith, and abler found

To build it strong upon this side again,
Even as through all parts else of Christendom.
But this let silence keep in secret, lest
Being known it be your dowry's loss in France,
And open breach in Scotland with your son,
And in this realm of England utterly
Your ruin and destruction. On your part
Next is he bidden thank his lord the king
For liberal grace and sovereign favour shown
Lord Paget and his brother, which you pray him
Most earnestly to increase, and gratify
Poor Morgan with some pension for your sake
Who hath not for your sake only endured so much
But for the common cause. Likewise, and last,
Is one he knows commended to his charge
With some more full supply to be sustained
Than the entertainment that yourself allot
According to the little means you have.

Burgh. Hereon stands proof apparent of that charge
Which you but now put by, that you design
To give your right supposed upon this realm
Into the Spaniard's hold; and on that cause
Lie now at Rome Allen and Parsons, men
Your servants and our traitors.

Mary Stuart. No such proof
Lives but by witness of revolted men,
My traitors and your helpers; who to me

Have broken their allegiance bound by oath.
When being a prisoner clothed about with cares
I languished out of hope of liberty,
Nor yet saw hope to effect of those things aught
Which many and many looked for at my hands,
Declining now through age and sickness, this
To some seemed good, even for religion's sake,
That the succession here of the English crown
Should or be stablished in the Spanish king
Or in some English Catholic. And a book
Was sent to me to avow the Spaniard's claim;
Which being of me allowed not, some there were
In whose displeasure thence I fell; but now
Seeing all my hope in England desperate grown,
I am fully minded to reject no aid
Abroad, but resolute to receive it.
Walsingham. Sirs,
Bethink you, were the kingdom so conveyed,
What should become of you and all of yours,
Estates and honours and posterities,
Being to such hands delivered.
Burgh. Nay, but these
In no such wise can be conveyed away
By personal will, but by successive right
Still must descend in heritage of law.
Whereto your own words witness, saying if this
Were blown abroad your cause were utterly
Lost in all hearts of English friends. Therein

Your thoughts hit right: for here in all men's minds
That are not mad with envying at the truth
Death were no loathlier than a stranger king.
If you would any more, speak: if not aught,
This cause is ended.
Mary Stuart. I require again
Before a full and open parliament
Hearing, or speech in person with the queen,
Who shall, I hope, have of a queen regard,
And with the council. So, in trust hereof,
I crave a word with some of you apart,
And of this main assembly take farewell.

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

ACT IV

ELIZABETH

ACT IV.

SCENE I. — *Richmond.*

Walsingham and Davison.

Walsingham. It is God's wrath, too sure, that holds her hand;
His plague upon this people, to preserve
By her sole mean her deadliest enemy, known
By proof more potent than approof of law
In all points guilty, but on more than all
Toward all this country dangerous. To take off
From the court held last month at Fotheringay
Authority with so full commission given
To pass upon her judgment — suddenly
Cut short by message of some three lines writ
With hurrying hand at midnight, and despatched
To maim its work upon the second day,
What else may this be in so wise a queen
But madness, as a brand to sear the brain
Of one by God infatuate? yea, and now
That she receives the French ambassador
With one more special envoy from his king,
Except their message touch her spleen with fire
And so undo itself, we cannot tell
What doubt may work upon her. Had we but
Some sign more evident of some private seal

Confirming toward her by more personal proof
The Scottish queen's inveteracy, for this
As for our country plucked from imminent death
We might thank God: but with such gracious words
Of piteous challenge and imperial plea
She hath wrought by letter on our mistress' mind,
We may not think her judgment so could slip,
Borne down with passion or forgetfulness,
As to leave bare her bitter root of heart
And core of evil will there labouring.
Davison. Yet
I see no shade of other surety cast
From any sign of likelihood. It were
Not shameful more than dangerous, though she bade,
To have her prisoner privily made away;
Yet stands the queen's heart wellnigh fixed hereon
When aught may seem to fix it; then as fast
Wavers, but veers to that bad point again
Whence blowing the wind blows down her honour, nor
Brings surety of life with fame's destruction.
Wal. Ay,
We are no Catholic keepers, and his charge
Need fear no poison in our watch-dog's fang,
Though he show honest teeth at her, to threat
Thieves' hands with loyal danger.

Enter Queen Elizabeth, attended by Burghley, Leicester, Hunsdon, Hatton, and others of the Council.

Elizabeth. No, my lords,
We are not so weak of wit as men that need
Be counselled of their enemies. Blame us not
That we accuse your friendship on this cause
Of too much fearfulness: France we will hear,
Nor doubt but France shall hear us all as loud
As friend or foe may threaten or protest,
Of our own heart advised, and resolute more
Than hearts that need men's counsel. Bid them in.

Enter Châteauneuf and Bellièvre, attended.

From our fair cousin of France what message, sirs?

Bellièvre. I, madam, have in special charge to lay
The king's mind open to your majesty,
Which gives my tongue first leave of speech more free
Than from a common envoy. Sure it is,
No man more grieves at what his heart abhors,
The counsels of your highness' enemies,
Than doth the king of France: wherein how far
The queen your prisoner have borne part, or may
Seem of their works partaker, he can judge
Nought: but much less the king may understand
What men may stand accusers, who rise up
Judge in so great a matter. Men of law

May lay their charges on a subject: but
The queen of Scotland, dowager queen of France,
And sister made by wedlock to the king,
To none being subject, can be judged of none
Without such violence done on rule as breaks
Prerogative of princes. Nor may man
That looks upon your present majesty
In such clear wise apparent, and retains
Remembrance of your name through all the world
For virtuous wisdom, bring his mind to think
That England's royal-souled Elizabeth,
Being set so high in fame, can so forget
Wise Plato's word, that common souls are wrought
Out of dull iron and slow lead, but kings
Of gold untempered with so vile alloy
As makes all metal up of meaner men.
But say this were not thus, and all men's awe
Were from all time toward kingship merely vain,
And state no more worth reverence, yet the plea
Were nought which here your ministers pretend,
That while the queen of Scots lives you may live
No day that knows not danger. Were she dead,
Rather might then your peril wax indeed
To shape and sense of heavier portent, whom
The Catholic states now threat not, nor your land,
For this queen's love, but rather for their faith's,
Whose cause, were she by violent hand removed,

Could be but furthered, and its enterprise
Put on more strong and prosperous pretext; yea,
You shall but draw the invasion on this land
Whose threat you so may think to stay, and bring
Imminence down of inroad. Thus far forth
The queen of Scots hath for your person been
Even as a targe or buckler which has caught
All intercepted shafts against your state
Shot, or a stone held fast within your hand,
Which, if you cast it thence in fear or wrath
To smite your adversary, is cast away,
And no mean left therein for menace. If
You lay but hand upon her life, albeit
There were that counselled this, her death will make
Your enemies weapons of their own despair
And give their whetted wrath excuse and edge
More plausibly to strike more perilously.
Your grace is known for strong in foresight: we
These nineteen years of your wise reign have kept
Fast watch in France upon you: of those claims
Which lineally this queen here prisoner may
Put forth on your succession have you made
The stoutest rampire of your rule: and this
Is grown a byword with us, that their cause
Who shift the base whereon their policies lean
Bows down toward ruin: and of loyal heart

This will I tell you, madam, which hath been
Given me for truth assured of one whose place
Affirms him honourable, how openly
A certain prince's minister that well
May stand in your suspicion says abroad
That for his master's greatness it were good
The queen of Scots were lost already, seeing
He is well assured the Catholics here should then
All wholly range them on his master's part.
Thus long hath reigned your highness happily,
Who have loved fair temperance more than violence: now,
While honour bids have mercy, wisdom holds
Equal at least the scales of interest. Think
What name shall yours be found in time far hence,
Even as you deal with her that in your hand
Lies not more subject than your fame to come
In men's repute that shall be. Bid her live,
And ever shall my lord stand bound to you
And you for ever firm in praise of men.

Eliz. I am sorry, sir, you are hither come from France
Upon no better errand. I appeal
To God for judge between my cause and hers
Whom here you stand for. In this realm of mine
The queen of Scots sought shelter, and therein
Hath never found but kindness; for which grace

In recompense she hath three times sought my life.
No grief that on this head yet ever fell
Shook ever from mine eyes so many a tear
As this last plot upon it. I have read
As deep I doubt me in as many books
As any queen or prince in Christendom,
Yet never chanced on aught so strange and sad
As this my state's calamity. Mine own life
Is by mere nature precious to myself,
And in mine own realm I can live not safe.
I am a poor lone woman, girt about
With secret enemies that perpetually
Lay wait for me to kill me. From your king
Why have not I my traitor to my hands
Delivered up, who now this second time
Hath sought to slay me, Morgan? On my part,
Had mine own cousin Hunsdon here conspired
Against the French king's life, he had found not so
Refuge of me, nor even for kindred's sake
From the edge of law protection: and this cause
Needs present evidence of this man's mouth.
Bell. Madam, there stand against the queen of Scots
Already here in England on this charge
So many and they so dangerous witnesses
No need can be to bring one over more:

Nor can the king show such unnatural heart
As to send hither a knife for enemies' hands
To cut his sister's throat. Most earnestly
My lord expects your resolution: which
If we receive as given against his plea,
I must crave leave to part for Paris hence.
Yet give me pardon first if yet once more
I pray your highness be assured, and so
Take heed in season, you shall find this queen
More dangerous dead than living. Spare her life,
And not my lord alone but all that reign
Shall be your sureties in all Christian lands
Against all scathe of all conspiracies
Made on her party: while such remedies' ends
As physic states with bloodshedding, to cure
Danger by death, bring fresh calamities
Far oftener forth than the old are healed of them
Which so men thought to medicine. To refrain
From that red-handed way of rule, and set
Justice no higher than mercy sits beside,
Is the first mean of kings' prosperity
That would reign long: nor will my lord believe
Your highness could put off yourself so much
As to reverse and tread upon the law
That you thus long have kept and honourably:
But should this perilous purpose hold right on,
I am bounden by my charge to say, the king
Will not regard as liable to your laws

A queen's imperial person, nor will hold
Her death as but the general wrong of kings
And no more his than as his brethren's all,
But as his own and special injury done,
More than to these injurious.
Eliz. Doth your lord
Bid you speak thus?
Bell. Ay, madam: from his mouth
Had I command what speech to use.
Eliz. You have done
Better to speak than he to send it. Sir,
You shall not presently depart this land
As one denied of mere discourtesy.
I will return an envoy of mine own
To speak for me at Paris with the king.
You shall bear back a letter from my hand,
And give your lord assurance, having seen,
I cannot be so frighted with men's threats
That they shall not much rather move my mind
To quicken than to slack the righteous doom
Which none must think by menace to put back,
Or daunt it with defiance. Sirs, good day.
Exeunt Ambassadors.
I were as one belated with false lights
If I should think to steer my darkling way
By twilight furtherance of their wiles and words.
Think you, my lords, France yet would have her live?

Burghley. If there be other than the apparent end
Hid in this mission to your majesty,
Mine envoys can by no means fathom it,
Who deal for me at Paris: fear of Spain
Lays double hand as 't were upon the king,
Lest by removal of the queen of Scots
A way be made for peril in the claim
More potent then of Philip; and if there come
From his Farnese note of enterprise
Or danger this way tending, France will yet
Cleave to your friendship though his sister die.
Eliz. So, in your mind, this half-souled brother would
Steer any way that might keep safe his sail
Against a southern wind, which here, he thinks,
Her death might strengthen from the north again
To blow against him off our subject straits,
Made servile then and Spanish? Yet perchance
There swells behind our seas a heart too high
To bow more easily down, and bring this land
More humbly to such handling, than their waves
Bow down to ships of strangers, or their storms
To breath of any lord on earth but God.
What thinks our cousin?
Hunsdon. That if Spain or France
Or both be stronger than the heart in us
Which beats to battle ere they menace, why,

In God's name, let them rise and make their prey
Of what was England: but if neither be,
The smooth-cheeked French man-harlot, nor that hand
Which holp to light Rome's fires with English limbs,
Let us not keep to make their weakness strong
A pestilence here alive in England, which
Gives force to their faint enmities, and burns
Half the heart out of loyal trust and hope
With heat that kindles treason.
Eliz. By this light,
I have heard worse counsel from a wise man's tongue
Than this clear note of forthright soldiership.
How say you, Dudley, to it?
Leicester. Madam, ere this
You have had my mind upon the matter, writ
But late from Holland, that no public stroke
Should fall upon this princess, who may be
By privy death more happily removed
Without impeach of majesty, nor leave
A sign against your judgment, to call down
Blame of strange kings for wrong to kingship wrought
Though right were done to justice.
Eliz. Of your love
We know it is that comes this counsel; nor,

Had we such friends of all our servants, need
Our mind be now distraught with dangerous doubts
That find no screen from dangers. Yet meseems
One doubt stands now removed, if doubt there were
Of aught from Scotland ever: Walsingham,
You should have there intelligence whereof
To make these lords with us partakers.
Wal. Nay,
Madam, no more than from a trustless hand
Protest and promise: of those twain that come
Hot on these Frenchmen's heels in embassy,
He that in counsel on this cause was late
One with my lord of Leicester now, to rid
By draught of secret death this queen away,
Bears charge to say as these gone hence have said
In open audience, but by personal note
Hath given me this to know, that howsoe'er
His king indeed desire her life be spared
Much may be wrought upon him, would your grace
More richly line his ragged wants with gold
And by full utterance of your parliament
Approve him heir in England.
Eliz. Ay! no more?
God's blood! what grace is proffered us at need,
And on what mild conditions! Say I will not

Redeem such perils at so dear a price,
Shall not our pensioner too join hands with France
And pay my gold with iron barter back
At edge of sword he dares not look upon,
They tell us, for the scathe and scare he took
Even in this woman's womb when shot and steel
Undid the manhood in his veins unborn
And left his tongue's threats handless?
Wal. Men there be
Your majesty must think, who bear but ill,
For pride of country and high-heartedness,
To see the king they serve your servant so
That not his mother's life and once their queen's
Being at such point of peril can enforce
One warlike word of his for chance of war
Conditional against you. Word came late
From Edinburgh that there the citizens
With hoot and hiss had bayed him through the streets
As he went heartless by; of whom they had heard
This published saying, that in his personal mind
The blood of kindred or affinity
So much not binds us as the friendship pledged
To them that are not of our blood: and this
Stands clear for certain, that no breath of war
Shall breathe from him against us though she die,
Except his titular claim be reft from him
On our succession: and that all his mind

Is but to reign unpartnered with a power
Which should weigh down that half his kingdom's weight
Left to his hand's share nominally in hold:
And for his mother, this would he desire,
That she were kept from this day to her death
Close prisoner in one chamber, never more
To speak with man or woman: and hereon
That proclamation should be made of her
As of one subject formally declared
To the English law whereby, if she offend
Again with iterance of conspiracy,
She shall not as a queen again be tried,
But as your vassal and a private head
Live liable to the doom and stroke of death.

Eliz. She is bounden to him as he long since to her,
Who would have given his kingdom up at least
To his dead father's slayer, in whose red hand
How safe had lain his life too doubt may guess,
Which yet kept dark her purpose then on him,
Dark now no more to usward. Think you then
That they belie him, whose suspicion saith
His ear and heart are yet inclined to Spain,
If from that brother-in-law that was of ours
And would have been our bridegroom he may win
Help of strange gold and foreign soldiership,
With Scottish furtherance of those Catholic lords

Who are stronger-spirited in their faith than ours,
Being harried more of heretics, as they say,
Than these within our borders, to root out
The creed there stablished now, and do to death
Its ministers, with all the lords their friends,
Lay hands on all strong places there, and rule
As prince upon their party? since he fain
From ours would be divided, and cast in
His lot with Rome against us too, from these
Might he but earn assurance of their faith,
Revolting from his own. May these things be
More than mere muttering breath of trustless lies,
And half his heart yet hover toward our side
For all such hope or purpose?

Wal. Of his heart
We know not, madam, surely; nor doth he
Who follows fast on their first envoy sent,
And writes to excuse him of his message here
On her behalf apparent, but in sooth
Aimed otherwise; the Master I mean of Gray,
Who swears me here by letter, if he be not
True to the queen of England, he is content
To have his head fall on a scaffold: saying,
To put from him this charge of embassy
Had been his ruin, but the meaning of it
Is modest and not menacing: whereto
If you will yield not yet to spare the life
So near its forfeit now, he thinks it well

You should be pleased by some commission given
To stay by the way his comrade and himself,
Or bid them back.
Eliz. What man is this then, sent
With such a knave to fellow?
Wal. No such knave,
But still your prisoner's friend of old time found:
Sir Robert Melville.
Eliz. And an honest man
As faith might wish her servants: but what pledge
Will these produce me for security
That I may spare this dangerous life and live
Unscathed of after practice?
Wal. As I think,
The king's self and his whole nobility
Will be her personal pledges; and her son,
If England yield her to his hand in charge,
On no less strait a bond will undertake
For her safe keeping.
Eliz. That were even to arm
With double power mine adversary, and make him
The stronger by my hand to do me hurt —
Were he mine adversary indeed: which yet
I will not hold him. Let them find a mean
For me to live unhurt and save her life,
It shall well please me. Say this king of Scots
Himself would give his own inheritance up
Pretended in succession, if but once

Her hand were found or any friend's of hers
Again put forth upon me for her sake,
Why, haply so might hearts be satisfied
Of lords and commons then to let her live.
But this I doubt he had rather take her life
Himself than yield up to us for pledge: and less,
These men shall know of me, I will not take
In price of her redemption: which were else,
And haply may in no wise not be held,
To this my loyal land and mine own trust
A deadlier stroke and blast of sound more dire
Than noise of fleets invasive.
Wal. Surely so
Would all hearts hold it, madam, in that land
That are not enemies of the land and yours;
For ere the doom had been proclaimed an hour
Which gave to death your main foe's head and theirs
Yourself have heard what fire of joy brake forth
From all your people: how their church-towers all
Rang in with jubilant acclaim of bells
The day that bore such tidings, and the night
That laughed aloud with lightning of their joy
And thundered round its triumph: twice twelve hours
This tempest of thanksgiving roared and shone
Sheer from the Solway's to the Channel's foam
With light as from one festal-flaming hearth

And sound as of one trumpet: not a tongue
But praised God for it, or heart that leapt not up,
Save of your traitors and their country's: these
Withered at heart and shrank their heads in close,
As though the bright sun's were a basilisk's eye,
And light, that gave all others comfort, flame
And smoke to theirs of hell's own darkness, whence
Such eyes were blinded or put out with fire.
Eliz. Yea, I myself, I mind me, might not sleep
Those twice twelve hours thou speak'st of. By God's light,
Be it most in love of me or fear of her
I know not, but my people seems in sooth
Hot and an hungered on this trail of hers:
Nor is it a people bloody-minded, used
To lap the life up of an enemy's vein
Who bleeds to death unweaponed: our good hounds
Will course a quarry soldierlike in war,
But rage not hangmanlike upon the prey,
To flesh their fangs on limbs that strive not: yet
Their hearts are hotter on this course than mine,
Which most was deadliest aimed at.
Wal. Even for that
How should not theirs be hot as fire from hell
To burn your danger up and slay that soul
Alive that seeks it? Thinks your majesty
There beats a heart where treason hath not turned

All English blood to poison, which would feel
No deadlier pang of dread more deathful to it
To hear of yours endangered than to feel
A sword against its own life bent, or know
Death imminent as darkness overhead
That takes the noon from one man's darkening eye
As must your death from all this people's? You
Are very England: in your light of life
This living land of yours walks only safe,
And all this breathing people with your breath
Breathes unenslaved, and draws at each pulse in
Freedom: your eye is light of theirs, your word
As God's to comfort England, whose whole soul
Is made with yours one, and her witness you
That Rome or hell shall take not hold on her
Again till God be wroth with us so much
As to reclaim for heaven the star that yet
Lights all your land that looks on it, and gives
Assurance higher than danger dares assail
Save in this lady's name and service, who
Must now from you take judgment.

Eliz. Must! by God,
I know not *must* but as a word of mine,
My tongue's and not mine ear's familiar. Sirs,
Content yourselves to know this much of us,
Or having known remember, that we sent
The Lord of Buckhurst and our servant Beale

To acquaint this queen our prisoner with the doom
Confirmed on second trial against her, saying
Her word can weigh not down the weightier guilt
Approved upon her, and by parliament
Since fortified with sentence. Yea, my lords,
Ye should forget not how by message then
I bade her know of me with what strong force
Of strenuous and invincible argument
I am urged to hold no more in such delay
The process of her execution, being
The seed-plot of these late conspiracies,
Their author and chief motive: and am told
That if I yield not mine the guilt must be
In God's and in the whole world's suffering sight
Of all the miseries and calamities
To ensue on my refusal: whence, albeit
I know not yet how God shall please to incline
My heart on that behalf, I have thought it meet
In conscience yet that she should be forewarned,
That so she might bethink her of her sins
Done both toward God offensive and to me
And pray for grace to be true penitent
For all these faults: which, had the main fault reached
No further than mine own poor person, God
Stands witness with what truth my heart protests

I freely would have pardoned. She to this
Makes bitter answer as of desperate heart
All we may wreak our worst upon her; whom
Having to death condemned, we may fulfil
Our wicked work, and God in Paradise
With just atonement shall requite her. This
Ye see is all the pardon she will ask,
Being only, and even as 't were with prayer, desired
To crave of us forgiveness: and thereon
Being by Lord Buckhurst charged on this point home
That by her mean the Catholics here had learnt
To hold her for their sovereign, on which cause
Nor my religion nor myself might live
Uncharged with danger while her life should last,
She answering gives God thanks aloud to be
Held of so great account upon his side,
And in God's cause and in the church of God's
Rejoicingly makes offering of her life;
Which I, God knows how unrejoicingly,
Can scarce, ye tell me, choose but take, or yield
At least for you to take it. Yet, being told
It is not for religion she must die,
But for a plot by compass of her own
Laid to dethrone me and destroy, she casts
Again this answer barbed with mockery back,
She was not so presumptuous born, to aspire

To two such ends yet ever: yea, so far
She dwelt from such desire removed in heart,
She would not have me suffer by her will
The fillip of a finger: though herself
Be persecuted even as David once
And her mishap be that she cannot so
Fly by the window forth as David: whence
It seems she likens us to Saul, and looks
Haply to see us as on Mount Gilboa fallen,
Where yet, for all the shooters on her side,
Our shield shall be not vilely cast away,
As of one unanointed. Yet, my lords,
If England might but by my death attain
A state more flourishing with a better prince,
Gladly would I lay down my life; who have
No care save only for my people's sake
To keep it: for myself, in all the world
I see no great cause why for all this coil
I should be fond to live or fear to die.
If I should say unto you that I mean
To grant not your petition, by my faith,
More should I so say haply than I mean:
Or should I say I mean to grant it, this
Were, as I think, to tell you of my mind
More than is fit for you to know: and thus
I must for all petitionary prayer
Deliver you an answer answerless.
Yet will I pray God lighten my dark mind

That being illumined it may thence foresee
What for his church and all this commonwealth
May most be profitable: and this once known,
My hand shall halt not long behind his will.

Scene II. — *Fotheringay.*

Sir Amyas Paulet and Sir Drew Drury.

Paulet. I never gave God heartier thanks than these
I give to have you partner of my charge
Now most of all, these letters being to you
No less designed than me, and you in heart
One with mine own upon them. Certainly,
When I put hand to pen this morning past
That Master Davison by mine evidence
Might note what sore disquietudes I had
To increase my griefs before of body and mind,
I looked for no such word to cut off mine
As these to us both of Walsingham's and his.
Would rather yet I had cause to still complain
Of those unanswered letters two months past
Than thus be certified of such intents
As God best knoweth I never sought to know,
Or search out secret causes: though to hear
Nothing at all did breed, as I confessed,
In me some hard conceits against myself,
I had rather yet rest ignorant than ashamed

Of such ungracious knowledge. This shall be
Fruit as I think of dread wrought on the queen
By those seditious rumours whose report
Blows fear among the people lest our charge
Escape our trust, or as they term it now
Be taken away, — such apprehensive tongues
So phrase it, — and her freedom strike men's hearts
More deep than all these flying fears that say
London is fired of Papists, or the Scots
Have crossed in arms the Border, or the north
Is risen again rebellious, or the Guise
Is disembarked in Sussex, or that now
In Milford Haven rides a Spanish fleet —
All which, albeit but footless floating lies,
May all too easily smite and work too far
Even on the heart most royal in the world
That ever was a woman's.

Drury. Good my friend,
These noises come without a thunderbolt
In such dense air of dusk expectancy
As all this land lies under; nor will some
Doubt or think much to say of those reports
They are broached and vented of men's credulous mouths
Whose ears have caught them from such lips as meant
Merely to strike more terror in the queen

And wring that warrant from her hovering hand
Which falters yet and flutters on her lip
While the hand hangs and trembles half advanced
Upon that sentence which, the treasurer said,
Should well ere this have spoken, seeing it was
More than a full month old and four days more
When he so looked to hear the word of it
Which yet lies sealed of silence.

Paul. Will you say
Or any as wise and loyal, say or think
It was but for a show, to scare men's wits,
They have raised this hue and cry upon her flight
Supposed from hence, to waken Exeter
With noise from Honiton and Sampfield spread
Of proclamation to detain all ships
And lay all highways for her day and night,
And send like precepts out four manner of way
From town to town, to make in readiness
Their armour and artillery, with all speed,
On pain of death, for London by report
Was set on fire? though, God be therefo
praised,
We know this is not, yet the noise hereof
Were surely not to be neglected, seeing
There is, meseems, indeed no readier way
To levy forces for the achieving that
Which so these lewd reporters feign to fea

Drury. Why, in such mighty matters and such mists
Wise men may think what hardly fools would say,
And eyes get glimpse of more than sight hath leave
To give commission for the babbling tongue
Aloud to cry they have seen. This noise that was
Upon one Arden's flight, a traitor, whence
Fear flew last week all round us, gave but note
How lightly may men's minds take fire, and words
Take wing that have no feet to fare upon
More solid than a shadow.
Paul. Nay, he was
Escaped indeed: and every day thus brings
Forth its new mischief: as this last month did
Those treasons of the French ambassador
Designed against our mistress, which God's grace
Laid by the knave's mean bare to whom they sought
For one to slay her, and of the Pope's hand earn
Ten thousand blood-encrusted crowns a year
To his most hellish hire. You will not say
This too was merely fraud or vision wrought
By fear or cloudy falsehood?
Drury. I will say
No more or surelier than I know: and this
I know not thoroughly to the core of truth
Or heart of falsehood in it. A man may lie

Merely, or trim some bald lean truth with lies,
Or patch bare falsehood with some tatter of truth,
And each of these pass current: but of these
Which likeliest may this man's tale be who gave
Word of his own temptation by these French
To hire them such a murderer, and avowed
He held it godly cunning to comply
And bring this envoy's secretary to sight
Of one clapped up for debts in Newgate, who
Being thence released might readily, as he said,
Even by such means as once this lady's lord
Was made away with, make the queen away
With powder fired beneath her bed — why, this,
Good sooth, I guess not; but I doubt the man
To be more liar than fool, and yet, God wot,
More fool than traitor; most of all intent
To conjure coin forth of the Frenchman's purse
With tricks of mere effrontery: thus at least
We know did Walsingham esteem of him:
And if by Davison held of more account,
Or merely found more serviceable, and made
A mean to tether up those quick French tongues
From threat or pleading for this prisoner's life,
I cannot tell, and care not. Though the queen
Hath stayed this envoy's secretary from flight
Forth of the kingdom, and committed him
To ward within the Tower while Châteauneuf
Himself should come before a council held

At my lord treasurer's, where being thus accused
At first he cared not to confront the man,
But stood upon his office, and the charge
Of his king's honour and prerogative —
Then bade bring forth the knave, who being brought forth
Outfaced him with insistence front to front
And took the record of this whole tale's truth
Upon his soul's damnation, challenging
The Frenchman's answer in denial hereof,
That of his own mouth had this witness been
Traitorously tempted, and by personal plea
Directly drawn to treason: which awhile
Struck dumb the ambassador as amazed with wrath,
Till presently, the accuser being removed,
He made avowal this fellow some while since
Had given his secretary to wit there lay
One bound in Newgate who being thence released
Would take the queen's death on his hand: whereto
Answering, he bade the knave avoid his house
On pain, if once their ways should cross, to be
Sent bound before the council: who replied
He had done foul wrong to take no further note,
But being made privy to this damned device
Keep close its perilous knowledge; whence the queen

Might well complain against him; and hereon
They fell to wrangling on this cause, that he
Professed himself to no man answerable
For declaration or for secret held
Save his own master: so that now is gone
Sir William Wade to Paris, not with charge
To let the king there know this queen shall live,
But to require the ambassador's recall
And swift delivery of our traitors there
To present justice: yet may no man say,
For all these half-faced scares and policies,
Here was more sooth than seeming.

Paul. Why, these crafts
Were shameful then as fear's most shameful self,
If thus your wit read them aright; and we
Should for our souls and lives alike do ill
To jeopard them on such men's surety given
As make no more account of simple faith
Than true men make of liars: and these are they,
Our friends and masters, that rebuke us both
By speech late uttered of her majesty
For lack of zeal in service and of care
She looked for at our hands, in that we have not
In all this time, unprompted, of ourselves
Found out some way to cut this queen's life off,
Seeing how great peril, while her enemy lives,
She is hourly subject unto: saying, she notes,
Besides a kind of lack of love to her,

Herein we have not that particular care
Forsooth of our own safeties, or indeed
Of the faith rather and the general good,
That politic reason bids; especially,
Having so strong a warrant and such ground
For satisfaction of our consciences
To Godward, and discharge of credit kept
And reputation toward the world, as is
That oath whereby we stand associated
To prosecute inexorably to death
Both with our joint and our particular force
All by whose hand and all on whose behalf
Our sovereign's life is struck at: as by proof
Stands charged upon our prisoner. So they write,
As though the queen's own will had warranted
The words that by her will's authority
Were blotted from the bond, whereby that head
Was doomed on whose behoof her life should be
By treason threatened: for she would not have
Aught pass which grieved her subjects' consciences,
She said, or might abide not openly
The whole world's view: nor would she any one
Were punished for another's fault: and so
Cut off the plea whereon she now desires
That we should dip our secret hands in blood
With no direction given of her own mouth
So to pursue that dangerous head to death

By whose assent her life were sought: for this
Stands fixed for only warrant of such deed,
And this we have not, but her word instead
She takes it most unkindly toward herself
That men professing toward her loyally
That love that we do should in any sort,
For lack of our own duty's full discharge,
Cast upon her the burden, knowing as we
Her slowness to shed blood, much more of one
So near herself in blood as is this queen,
And one with her in sex and quality.
And these respects, they find, or so profess,
Do greatly trouble her: who hath sundry times
Protested, they assure us, earnestly,
That if regard of her good subjects' risk
Did not more move her than the personal fear
Of proper peril to her, she never would
Be drawn to assent unto this bloodshedding:
And so to our good judgments they refer
These speeches they thought meet to acquaint us with
As passed but lately from her majesty,
And to God's guard commend us: which God knows
We should much more need than deserve of him
Should we give ear to this, and as they bid
Make heretics of these papers; which three times
You see how Davison hath enforced on us:

But they shall taste no fire for me, nor pass
Back to his hands till copies writ of them
Lie safe in mine for sons of mine to keep
In witness how their father dealt herein.
Drury. You have done the wiselier: and what word soe'er
Shall bid them know your mind, I am well assured
It well may speak for me too.
Paul. Thus it shall:
That having here his letters in my hands,
I would not fail, according to his charge,
To send back answer with all possible speed
Which shall deliver unto him my great grief
And bitterness of mind, in that I am
So much unhappy as I hold myself
To have lived to look on this unhappy day,
When I by plain direction am required
From my most gracious sovereign's mouth to do
An act which God forbiddeth, and the law.
Hers are my goods and livings, and my life,
Held at her disposition, and myself
Am ready so to lose them this next day
If it shall please her so, acknowledging
I hold them of her mere goodwill, and do not
Desire them to enjoy them but so long
As her great grace gives leave: but God forbid
That I should make for any grace of hers

So foul a shipwreck of my conscience, or
Leave ever to my poor posterity
So great a blot, as privily to shed blood
With neither law nor warrant. So, in trust
That she, of her accustomed clemency,
Will take my dutiful answer in good part,
By his good mediation, as returned
From one who never will be less in love,
Honour, obedience, duty to his queen,
Than any Christian subject living, thus
To God's grace I commit him.
Drury. Though I doubt
She haply shall be much more wroth hereat
Than lately she was gracious, when she bade
God treblefold reward you for your charge
So well discharged, saluting you by name
Most faithful and most careful, you shall do
Most like a wise man loyally to write
But such good words as these, whereto myself
Subscribe in heart: though being not named herein
(Albeit to both seem these late letters meant)
Nor this directed to me, I forbear
To make particular answer. And indeed,
Were danger less apparent in her life
To the heart's life of all this living land,
I would this woman might not die at all
By secret stroke nor open sentence.

Paul. I
Will praise God's mercy most for this of all,
When I shall see the murderous cause removed
Of its most mortal peril: nor desire
A guerdon ampler from the queen we serve,
Besides her commendations of my faith
For spotless actions and for safe regards,
Than to see judgment on her enemy done;
Which were for me that recompense indeed
Whereof she writes as one not given to all,
But for such merit reserved to crown its claim
Above all common service: nor save this
Could any treasure's promise in the world
So ease those travails and rejoice this heart
That hers too much takes thought of, as to read
Her charge to carry for her sake in it
This most just thought, that she can balance not
The value that her grace doth prize me at
In any weight of judgment: yet it were
A word to me more comfortable at heart
Than these, though these most gracious, that
should speak
Death to her death's contriver.
Drury. Nay, myself
Were fain to see this coil wound up, and her
Removed that makes it: yet such things will
pluck
Hard at men's hearts that think on them, and move

Compassion that such long strange years should find
So strange an end: nor shall men ever say
But she was born right royal; full of sins,
It may be, and by circumstance or choice
Dyed and defaced with bloody stains and black,
Unmerciful, unfaithful, but of heart
So fiery high, so swift of spirit and clear,
In extreme danger and pain so lifted up,
So of all violent things inviolable,
So large of courage, so superb of soul,
So sheathed with iron mind invincible
And arms unbreached of fireproof constancy —
By shame not shaken, fear or force or death,
Change, or all confluence of calamities —
And so at her worst need beloved, and still,
Naked of help and honour when she seemed,
As other women would be, and of hope
Stripped, still so of herself adorable
By minds not always all ignobly mad
Nor all made poisonous with false grain of faith,
She shall be a world's wonder to all time,
A deadly glory watched of marvelling men
Not without praise, not without noble tears,
And if without what she would never have
Who had it never, pity — yet from none
Quite without reverence and some kind of love
For that which was so royal. Yea, and now

That at her prayer we here attend on her,
If, as I think, she have in mind to send
Aught written to the queen, what we may do
To further her desire shall on my part
Gladly be done, so be it the grace she craves
Be nought akin to danger.
Paul. It shall be
The first of all then craved by her of man,
Or by man's service done her, that was found
So harmless ever.

Enter Mary Stuart and Mary Beaton.

Mary Stuart. Sirs, in time past by
I was desirous many times, ye know,
To have written to your queen: but since I have had
Advertisement of my conviction, seeing
I may not look for life, my soul is set
On preparation for another world:
Yet none the less, not for desire of life,
But for my conscience's discharge and rest,
And for my last farewell, I have at heart
By you to send her a memorial writ
Of somewhat that concerns myself, when I
Shall presently be gone out of this world.
And to remove from her, if such be there,
Suspicion of all danger in receipt
Of this poor paper that should come from me,
Myself will take the assay of it, and so
With mine own hands to yours deliver it.

Paul. Will you not also, madam, be content
To seal and close it in my presence up?
Mary Stuart. Sir, willingly: but I beseech your word
Pledged for its safe delivery to the queen.
Paul. I plight my faith it shall be sent to her.
Mary Stuart. This further promise I desire, you will
Procure me from above certificate
It hath been there delivered.
Drury. This is more
Than we may stand so pledged for: in our power
It is to send, but far beyond our power,
As being above our place, to promise you
Certificate or warrant.
Mary Stuart. Yet I trust
Consideration may be had of me
After my death, as one derived in blood
From your queen's grandsire, with all mortal rites
According with that faith I have professed
All my life-days as I was born therein.
This is the sum of all mine askings: whence
Well might I take it in ill part of you
To wish me seal my letter in your sight,
Bewraying your hard opinion of me.
Paul. This
Your own words well might put into my mind,
That so beside my expectation made

Proffer to take my first assay for me
Of the outer part of it: for you must think
I was not ignorant that by sleight of craft
There might be as great danger so conveyed
Within the letter as without, and thus
I could not for ill thoughts of you be blamed,
Concurring with you in this jealousy:
For had yourself not moved it of yourself
Sir Drew nor I had ever thought on it.

Mary Stuart. The occasion why I moved it was but this,
That having made my custom in time past
To send sometimes some tokens to your queen,
At one such time that I sent certain clothes
One standing by advised her cause my gifts
To be tried thoroughly ere she touched them; which
I have since observed, and taken order thus
With Nau, when last he tarried at the court,
To do the like to a fur-fringed counterpane
Which at that time I sent: and as for this,
Look what great danger lies between these leaves
That I dare take and handle in my hands,
And press against my face each part of them
Held open thus, and either deadly side,
Wherein your fear smells death sown privily.

Paul. Madam, when so you charged your secretary

Her majesty was far from doubt, I think,
Or dream of such foul dealing: and I would
Suspicion since had found no just cause given,
And then things had not been as now they are.
Mary Stuart. But things are as they are, and here I stand
Convicted, and not knowing how many hours
I have to live yet.
Paul. Madam, you shall live
As many hours as God shall please: but this
May be said truly, that you here have been
Convicted in most honourable sort
And favourable.
Mary Stuart. What favour have I found?
Paul. Your cause hath been examined scrupulously
By many our eldest nobles of this realm,
Whereas by law you should but have been tried
By twelve men as a common person.
Mary Stuart. Nay,
Your noblemen must by their peers be tried.
Paul. All strangers of what quality soe'er
In matter of crime are only to be tried
In other princes' territories by law
That in that realm bears rule.
Mary Stuart. You have your laws:
But other princes all will think of it
As they see cause; and mine own son is now

No more a child, but come to man's estate,
And he will think of these things bitterly.
Drury. Ingratitude, whate'er he think of them,
Is odious to all persons, but of all
In mightiest personages most specially
Most hateful; and it will not be denied
But that the queen's grace greatly hath deserved
Both of yourself and of your son.
Mary Stuart. What boon
Shall I acknowledge? Being in bonds, I am set
Free from the world, and therefore am I not
Afraid to speak; I have had the favour here
To have been kept prisoner now these many years
Against my will and justice.
Paul. Madam, this
Was a great favour, and without this grace
You had not lived to see these days.
Mary Stuart. How so?
Paul. Seeing your own subjects did pursue you, and had
The best in your own country.
Mary Stuart. That is true,
Because your Mildmay's ill persuasions first
Made me discharge my forces, and then caused
Mine enemies to burn my friends' main holds,
Castles and houses.
Paul. Howsoe'er, it was

By great men of that country that the queen
Had earnest suit made to her to have yourself
Delivered to them, which her grace denied,
And to their great misliking.
Drury. Seventeen years
She hath kept your life to save it: and whereas
She calls your highness sister, she hath dealt
In truth and deed most graciously with you
And sisterlike, in seeking to preserve
Your life at once and honour.
Mary Stuart. Ay! wherein?
Drury. In that commission of your causes held
At York, which was at instance of your friends
Dissolved to save your honour.
Mary Stuart. No: the cause
Why that commission was dissolved indeed
Was that my friends could not be heard to inform
Against my loud accusers.
Paul. But your friend
The bishop's self of Ross, your very friend,
Hath written that this meeting was dismissed
All only in your favour: and his book
Is extant: and this favour is but one
Of many graces which her majesty
Hath for mere love extended to you.
Mary Stuart. This

Is one great favour, even to have kept me here
So many years against my will.
Paul. It was
For your own safety, seeing your countrymen
Sought your destruction, and to that swift end
Required to have you yielded up to them,
As was before said.
Mary Stuart. Nay, then, I will speak.
I am not afraid. It was determined here
That I should not depart: and when I was
Demanded by my subjects, this I know,
That my lord treasurer with his own close hand
Writ in a packet which by trustier hands
Was intercepted, and to me conveyed,
To the earl of Murray, that the devil was tied
Fast in a chain, and they could keep her not,
But here she should be safely kept.
Drury. That earl
Was even as honourable a gentleman
As I knew ever in that country bred.
Mary Stuart. One of the worst men of the world he was:
A foul adulterer, one of general lust,
A spoiler and a murderer.
Drury. Six weeks long,
As I remember, here I saw him; where
He bore him very gravely, and maintained
The reputation even on all men's tongues

In all things of a noble gentleman:
Nor have I heard him evil spoken of
Till this time ever.
Mary Stuart. Yea, my rebels here
Are honest men, and by the queen have been
Maintained.
Paul. You greatly do forget yourself
To charge her highness with so foul a fault,
Which you can never find ability
To prove on her.
Mary Stuart. What did she with the French,
I pray you, at Newhaven?
Paul. It appears
You have conceived so hardly of the queen
My mistress, that you still inveterately
Interpret all her actions to the worst,
Not knowing the truth of all the cause: but yet
I dare assure you that her majesty
Had most just cause and righteous, in respect
As well of Calais as for other ends,
To do the thing she did, and more to have done
Had it so pleased her to put forth her power:
And this is in you great unthankfulness
After so many favours and so great,
Whereof you will acknowledge in no wise
The least of any: though her majesty
Hath of her own grace merely saved your life,
To the utter discontentment of the best

Your subjects once in open parliament
Who craved against you justice on the charge
Of civil law-breach and rebellion.
Mary Stuart. I
Know no such matter, but full well I know
Sir Francis Walsingham hath openly,
Since his abiding last in Scotland, said
That I should rue his entertainment there.
Paul. Madam, you have not rued it, but have been
More honourably entertained than ever yet
Was any other crown's competitor
In any realm save only this: whereof
Some have been kept close prisoners, other some
Maimed and unnaturally disfigured, some
Murdered.
Mary Stuart. But I was no competitor:
All I required was in successive right
To be reputed but as next the crown.
Paul. Nay, madam, you went further, when you gave
The English arms and style, as though our queen
Had been but an usurper on your right.
Mary Stuart. My husband and my kinsmen did therein
What they thought good: I had nought to do with it.
Paul. Why would you not then loyally renounce

Your claim herein pretended, but with such
Condition, that you might be authorized
Next heir apparent to the crown?
Mary Stuart. I have made
At sundry times thereon good proffers, which
Could never be accepted.
Paul. Heretofore
It hath been proved unto you presently
That in the very instant even of all
Your treaties and most friendlike offers were
Some dangerous crafts discovered.
Mary Stuart. You must think
I have some friends on earth, and if they have done
Anything privily, what is that to me?
Paul. Madam, it was somewhat to you, and I would
For your own sake you had forborne it, that
After advertisement and conscience given
Of Morgan's devilish practice, to have killed
A sacred queen, you yet would entertain
The murderer as your servant.
Mary Stuart. I might do it
With as good right as ever did your queen
So entertain my rebels.
Drury. Be advised:
This speech is very hard, and all the case
Here differs greatly.

Mary Stuart. Yea, let this then be;
Ye cannot yet of my conviction say
But I by partial judgment was condemned,
And the commissioners knew my son could have
No right, were I convicted, and your queen
Could have no children of her womb; whereby
They might set up what man for king they would.
Paul. This is in you too great forgetfulness
Of honour and yourself, to charge these lords
With two so foul and horrible faults, as first
To take your life by partial doom from you,
And then bestow the kingdom where they liked.
Mary Stuart. Well, all is one to me: and for my part
I thank God I shall die without regret
Of anything that I have done alive.
Paul. I would entreat you yet be sorry at least
For the great wrong, and well deserving grief,
You have done the queen my mistress.
Mary Stuart. Nay, thereon
Let others answer for themselves: I have
Nothing to do with it. Have you borne in mind
Those matters of my monies that we last
Conferred upon together?
Paul. Madam, these
Are not forgotten.
Mary Stuart. Well it is if aught
Be yet at all remembered for my good.

Have here my letter sealed and superscribed,
And so farewell — or even as here men may.
Exeunt Paulet and Drury.
Had I that old strength in my weary limbs
That in my heart yet fails not, fain would I
Fare forth if not fare better. Tired I am,
But not so lame in spirit I might not take
Some comfort of the winter-wasted sun
This bitter Christmas to me, though my feet
Were now no firmer nor more hopeful found
Than when I went but in my chair abroad
Last weary June at Chartley. I can stand
And go now without help of either side,
And bend my hand again, thou seest, to write:
I did not well perchance in sight of these
To have made so much of this lame hand, which yet
God knows was grievous to me, and to-day
To make my letter up and superscribe
And seal it with no outward show of pain
Before their face and inquisition; yet
I care not much in player's wise piteously
To blind such eyes with feigning: though this Drew
Be gentler and more gracious than his mate
And liker to be wrought on; but at last
What need have I of men?
Mary Beaton. What then you may

I know not, seeing for all that was and is
We are yet not at the last; but when you had,
You have hardly failed to find more help of them
And heartier service than more prosperous queens
Exact of expectation: when your need
Was greater than your name or natural state,
And wage was none to look for but of death,
As though the expectancy thereof and hope
Were more than man's prosperities, men have given
Heart's thanks to have this gift of God and you
For dear life's guerdon, even the trust assured
To drink for you the bitterness of death.

Mary Stuart. Ay, one said once it must be — some one said
I must be perilous ever, and my love
More deadly than my will was evil or good
Toward any of all these that through me should die
I know not who, nor when one said it: but
I know too sure he lied not.

Mary Beaton. No; I think
This was a seer indeed. I have heard of men
That under imminence of death grew strong
With mortal foresight, yet in life-days past
Could see no foot before them, nor provide
For their own fate or fortune anything
Against one angry chance of accident

Or passionate fault of their own loves or hates
That might to death betray them: such an one
Thus haply might have prophesied, and had
No strength to save himself.
Mary Stuart. I know not: yet
Time was when I remembered.
Mary Beaton. It should be
No enemy's saying whom you remember not;
You are wont not to forget your enemies; yet
The word rang sadder than a friend's should fall
Save in some strange pass of the spirit of flesh
For love's sake haply hurt to death.
Mary Stuart. It seems
Thy mind is bent to know the name of me
That of myself I know not.
Mary Beaton. Nay, my mind
Has other thoughts to beat upon: for me
It may suffice to know the saying for true
And never care who said it.
Mary Stuart. True? too sure,
God to mine heart's grief hath approved it. See,
Nor Scot nor Englishman that takes on him
The service of my sorrow but partakes
The sorrow of my service: man by man,
As that one said, they perish of me: yea,
Were I a sword sent upon earth, or plague
Bred of aerial poison, I could be
No deadlier where unwillingly I strike,

Who where I would can hurt not: Percy died
By his own hand in prison, Howard by law,
These young men with strange torments done to death,
Who should have rid me and the world of her
That is our scourge, and to the church of God
A pestilence that wastes it: all the north
Wears yet the scars engraven of civil steel
Since its last rising: nay, she saith but right,
Mine enemy, saying by these her servile tongues
I have brought upon her land mine own land's curse,
And a sword follows at my heel, and fire
Is kindled of mine eyeshot: and before,
Whom did I love that died not of it? whom
That I would save might I deliver, when
I had once but looked on him with love, or pledged
Friendship? I should have died I think long since,
That many might have died not, and this word
Had not been written of me nor fulfilled,
But perished in the saying, a prophecy
That took the prophet by the throat and slew —
As sure I think it slew him. Such a song
Might my poor servant slain before my face
Have sung before the stroke of violent death
Had fallen upon him there for my sake.

Mary Beaton. Ah!
You think so? this remembrance was it not

That hung and hovered in your mind but now,
Moved your heart backward all unwittingly
To some blind memory of the man long dead?
Mary Stuart. In sooth, I think my prophet should have been
David.
Mary Beaton. You thought of him?
Mary Stuart. An old sad thought:
The moan of it was made long since, and he
Not unremembered.
Mary Beaton. Nay, of him indeed
Record was made — a royal record: whence
No marvel is it that you forgot not him.
Mary Stuart. I would forget no friends nor enemies: these
More needs me now remember. Think'st thou not
This woman hates me deadlier — or this queen
That is not woman — than myself could hate
Except I were as she in all things? then
I should love no such woman as am I
Much more than she may love me: yet I am sure,
Or so near surety as all belief may be,
She dare not slay me for her soul's sake: nay,
Though that were made as light of as a leaf
Storm-shaken, in such stormy winds of state
As blow between us like a blast of death,
For her throne's sake she durst not, which must be
Broken to build my scaffold. Yet, God wot,

Perchance a straw's weight now cast in by chance
Might weigh my life down in the scale her hand
Holds hardly straight for trembling: if she be
Woman at all, so tempered naturally
And with such spirit and sense as thou and I,
Should I for wrath so far forget myself
As these men sometime charge me that I do,
My tongue might strike my head off. By this head
That yet I wear to swear by, if life be
Thankworthy, God might well be thanked for this
Of me or whoso loves me in the world,
That I spake never half my heart out yet,
For any sore temptation of them all,
To her or hers; nor ever put but once
My heart upon my paper, writing plain
The things I thought, heard, knew for truth of her,
Believed or feigned — nay, feigned not to believe
Of her fierce follies fed with wry-mouthed praise,
And that vain ravin of her sexless lust
Which could not feed nor hide its hunger, curb
With patience nor allay with love the thirst
That mocked itself as all mouths mocked it. Ha,
What might the reading of these truths have wrought
Within her maiden mind, what seed have sown,
Trow'st thou, in her sweet spirit, of revenge
Toward me that showed her queenship in the glass

A subject's hand of hers had put in mine
The likeness of it loathed and laughable
As they that worshipped it with words and signs
Beheld her and bemocked her?
Mary Beaton. Certainly,
I think that soul drew never breath alive
To whom this letter might seem pardonable
Which timely you forbore to send her.
Mary Stuart. Nay,
I doubt not I did well to keep it back—
And did not ill to write it: for God knows
It was no small ease to my heart.
Mary Beaton. But say
I had not burnt it as you bade me burn,
But kept it privily safe against a need
That I might haply sometime have of it?
Mary Stuart. What, to destroy me?
Mary Beaton. Hardly, sure, to save.
Mary Stuart. Why shouldst thou think to bring me to my death?
Mary Beaton. Indeed, no man am I that love you; nor
Need I go therefore in such fear of you
As of my mortal danger.
Mary Stuart. On my life
(Long life or short, with gentle or violent end,
I know not, and would choose not, though I might
So take God's office on me), one that heard

Would swear thy speech had in it, and subtly mixed,
A savour as of menace, or a sound
As of an imminent ill or perilous sense
Which was not in thy meaning.
Mary Beaton. No: in mine
There lurked no treason ever; nor have you
Cause to think worse of me than loyally,
If proof may be believed on witness.
Mary Stuart. Sure,
I think I have not nor I should not have:
Thy life has been the shadow cast of mine,
A present faith to serve my present need,
A foot behind my footsteps; as long since
In those French dances that we trod, and laughed
The blithe way through together. Thou couldst sing
Then, and a great while gone it is by this
Since I heard song or music: I could now
Find in my heart to bid thee, as the Jews
Were once bid sing in their captivity
One of their songs of Sion, sing me now,
If one thou knowest, for love of that far time,
One of our songs of Paris.
Mary Beaton. Give me leave
A little to cast up some wandering words
And gather back such memories as may beat
About my mind of such a song, and yet

I think I might renew some note long dumb
That once your ear allowed of. — (*Aside.*) I did pray,
Tempt me not, God: and by her mouth again
He tempts me — nay, but prompts me, being most just,
To know by trial if all remembrance be
Dead as remorse or pity that in birth
Died, and were childless in her: if she quite
Forget that very swan-song of thy love,
My love that wast, my love that wouldst not be,
Let God forget her now at last as I
Remember: if she think but one soft thought,
Cast one poor word upon thee, God thereby
Shall surely bid me let her live: if none,
I shoot that letter home and sting her dead.
God strengthen me to sing but these words through
Though I fall dumb at end for ever. Now —

She sings.

Après tant de jours, après tant de pleurs,
Soyez secourable à mon âme en peine.
Voyez comme Avril fait l'amour aux fleurs;
Dame d'amour, dame aux belles couleurs,
Dieu vous a fait belle, Amour vous fait reine.

Rions, je t'en prie; aimons, je le veux.
Le temps fuit et rit et ne revient guère
Pour baiser le bout de tes blonds chéveux,
Pour baiser tes cils, ta bouche et tes yeux;
L'amour n'a qu'un jour auprès de sa mère.

Mary Stuart. Nay, I should once have known
that song, thou say'st,
And him that sang it and should now be dead:
Was it — but his rang sweeter — was it not
Remy Belleau?
Mary Beaton. (My letter—here at heart!)
Aside.
I think it might be — were it better writ
And courtlier phrased, with Latin spice cast in,
And a more tunable descant.
Mary Stuart. Ay; how sweet
Sang all the world about those stars that sang
With Ronsard for the strong mid star of all,
His bay-bound head all glorious with grey hairs,
Who sang my birth and bridal! When I think
Of those French years, I only seem to see
A light of swords and singing, only hear
Laughter of love and lovely stress of lutes,
And in between the passion of them borne
Sound of swords crossing ever, as of feet
Dancing, and life and death still equally
Blithe and bright-eyed from battle. Haply now
My sometime sister, mad Queen Madge, is grown
As grave as I should be, and wears at waist
No hearts of last year's lovers any more
Enchased for jewels round her girdlestead,
But rather beads for penitence; yet I doubt
She should not more abash her heart than mine,

Who live not heartless yet. These days like those
Have power but for a season given to do
No more upon our spirits than they may,
And what they may we know not till it be
Done, and we need no more take thought of it,
As I no more of death or life to-day.

Mary Beaton. That shall you surely need not.

Mary Stuart. So I think,
Our keepers being departed: and by these,
Even by the uncourtlier as the gentler man,
I read as in a glass their queen's plain heart,
And that by her at last I shall not die.

Scene III. — *Greenwich Palace.*

Queen Elizabeth and Davison.

Elizabeth. Thou hast seen Lord Howard? I bade him send thee.

Davison. Madam,
But now he came upon me hard at hand
And by your gracious message bade me in.

Eliz. The day is fair as April: hast thou been
Abroad this morning? 'T is no winter's sun
That makes these trees forget their nakedness
And all the glittering ground, as 't were in hope,
Breathe laughingly.

Dav. Indeed, the gracious air

Had drawn me forth into the park, and thence
Comes my best speed to attend upon your grace.
Eliz. My grace is not so gracious as the sun
That graces thus the late distempered air:
And you should oftener use to walk abroad,
Sir, than your custom is: I would not have
Good servants heedless of their natural health
To do me sickly service. It were strange
That one twice bound as woman and as queen
To care for good men's lives and loyalties
Should prove herself toward either dangerous.
Dav. That
Can be no part of any servant's fear
Who lives for service of your majesty.
Eliz. I would not have it be — God else forbid —
Who have so loyal servants as I hold
All now that bide about me: for I will not
Think, though such villainy once were in men's minds,
That twice among mine English gentlemen
Shall hearts be found so foul as theirs who thought,
When I was horsed for hunting, to waylay
And shoot me through the back at unawares
With poisoned bullets: nor, thou knowest, would I,
When this was opened to me, take such care,
Ride so fenced round about with iron guard,

Or walk so warily as men counselled me
For loyal fear of what thereafter might
More prosperously be plotted: nay, God knows,
I would not hold on such poor terms my life,
With such a charge upon it, as to breathe
In dread of death or treason till the day
That they should stop my trembling breath, and ease
The piteous heart that panted like a slave's
Of all vile fear for ever. So to live
Were so much hatefuller than thus to die,
I do not think that man or woman draws
Base breath of life the loathsomest on earth
Who by such purchase of perpetual fear
And deathless doubt of all in trust of none
Would shudderingly prolong it.
Dav. Even too well
Your servants know that greatness of your heart
Which gives you yet unguarded to men's eyes,
And were unworthier found to serve or live
Than is the unworthiest of them, did not this
Make all their own hearts hotter with desire
To be the bulwark or the price of yours
Paid to redeem it from the arrest of death.
Eliz. So haply should they be whose hearts beat true
With loyal blood: but whoso says they are
Is but a loving liar.

Dav. I trust your grace
Hath in your own heart no such doubt of them
As speaks in mockery through your lips.
Eliz. By God,
I say much less than righteous truth might speak
Of their loud loves that ring with emptiness,
And hollow-throated loyalties whose heart
Is wind and clamorous promise. Ye desire,
With all your souls ye swear that ye desire
The queen of Scots were happily removed,
And not a knave that loves me will put hand
To the enterprise ye look for only of me
Who only would forbear it.
Dav. If your grace
Be minded yet it shall be done at all,
The way that were most honourable and just
Were safest, sure, and best.
Eliz. I dreamt last night
Our murderess there in hold had tasted death
By execution of the sentence done
That was pronounced upon her; and the news
So stung my heart with wrath to hear of it
That had I had a sword—look to 't, and 'ware! —
I had thrust it through thy body.
Dav. God defend!
'T was well I came not in your highness' way
While the hot mood was on you. But indeed

I would know soothly if your mind be changed
From its late root of purpose.
Eliz. No, by God:
But I were fain it could be somewise done
And leave the blame not on me. And so much,
If there were love and honesty in one
Whom I held faithful and exact of care,
Should easily be performed; but here I find
This dainty fellow so precise a knave
As will take all things dangerous on his tongue
And nothing on his hand: hot-mouthed and large
In zeal to stuff mine ears with promises,
But perjurous in performance: did he not
Set hand among you to the bond whereby
He is bound at utmost hazard of his life
To do me such a service? Yet I could
Have wrought as well without him, had I wist
Of this faint falsehood in his heart: there is
That Wingfield whom thou wot'st of, would have done
With glad goodwill what I required of him,
And made no Puritan mouths on 't.
Dav. Madam, yet
Far better were it all should but be done
By line of law and judgment.
Eliz. There be men
Wiser than thou that see this otherwise.
Dav. All is not wisdom that of wise men comes,

Nor are all eyes that search the ways of state
Clear as a just man's conscience.
Eliz. Proverbs! ha? 105
Who made thee master of these sentences,
Prime tongue of ethics and philosophy?
Dav. An honest heart to serve your majesty;
Nought else nor subtler in its reach of wit
Than very simpleness of meaning.
Eliz. Nay, 110
I do believe thee; heartily I do.
Did my lord admiral not desire thee bring
The warrant for her execution?
Dav. Ay,
Madam; here is it.
Eliz. I would it might not be,
Or being so just were yet not necessary. 115
Art thou not heartily sorry — wouldst thou not,
I say, be sad — to see me sign it?
Dav. Madam,
I grieve at any soul's mishap that lives,
And specially for shipwreck of a life
To you so near allied: but seeing this doom 120
Wrung forth from justice by necessity,
I had rather guilt should bleed than innocence.
Eliz. When I shall sign, take thou this instantly
To the lord chancellor; see it straight be sealed
As quietly as he may, not saying a word, 125

That no man come to know it untimely: then
Send it to the earls of Kent and Shrewsbury
Who are here set down to see this justice done:
I would no more be troubled with this coil
Till all be through. But, for the place of doom,
The hall there of the castle, in my mind,
Were fitter than the court or open green.
And as thou goest betake thee on thy way
To Walsingham, where he lies sick at home,
And let him know what hath of us been done:
Whereof the grief, I fear me, shall go near
To kill his heart outright.

Dav. Your majesty
Hath yet not signed the warrant.

Eliz. Ha! God's blood
Art thou from tutor of philosophy late
Grown counsellor too and more than counsellor,
To appoint me where and what this hand of mine
Shall at thy beck obsequiously subscribe
And follow on thy finger? By God's death,
What if it please me now not sign at all?
This letter of my kinswoman's last writ
Hath more compulsion in it, and more power
To enforce my pity, than a thousand tongues
Dictating death against her in mine ear
Of mine own vassal subjects. Here but now
She writes me she thanks God with all her heart

That it hath pleased him by the mean of me
To make an end of her life's pilgrimage,
Which hath been weary to her: and doth not ask
To see its length drawn longer, having had
Too much experience of its bitterness:
But only doth entreat me, since she may
Look for no favour at their zealous hands
Who are first in councils of my ministry,
That only I myself will grant her prayers;
Whereof the first is, since she cannot hope
For English burial with such Catholic rites
As here were used in time of the ancient kings,
Mine ancestors and hers, and since the tombs
Lie violated in Scotland of her sires,
That so soon ever as her enemies
Shall with her innocent blood be satiated,
Her body by her servants may be borne
To some ground consecrated, there to be
Interred: and rather, she desires, in France,
Where sleep her honoured mother's ashes; so
At length may her poor body find the rest
Which living it has never known: thereto,
She prays me, from the fears she hath of those
To whose harsh hand I have abandoned her,
She may not secretly be done to death,
But in her servants' sight and others', who
May witness her obedience kept and faith

To the true church, and guard her memory safe
From slanders haply to be blown abroad
Concerning her by mouths of enemies: last,
She asks that her attendants, who so well
And faithfully through all her miseries past
Have served her, may go freely where they please,
And lose not those small legacies of hers
Which poverty can yet bequeath to them.
This she conjures me by the blood of Christ,
Our kinship, and my grandsire's memory,
Who was her father's grandsire and a king,
And by the name of queen she bears with her
Even to the death, that I will not refuse,
And that a word in mine own hand may thus
Assure her, who will then as she hath lived
Die mine affectionate sister and prisoner. See,
Howe'er she have sinned, what heart were mine, if this
Drew no tears from me: not the meanest soul
That lives most miserable but with such words
Must needs draw down men's pity.

Dav. Sure it is,
This queen hath skill of writing: and her hand
Hath manifold eloquence with various voice
To express discourse of sirens or of snakes,
A mermaid's or a monster's, uttering best
All music or all malice. Here is come

A letter writ long since of hers to you
From Sheffield Castle, which for shame or fear
She durst not or she would not thence despatch,
Sent secretly to me from Fotheringay,
Not from her hand, but with her own hand writ,
So foul of import and malignity
I durst not for your majesty's respect
With its fierce infamies afire from hell
Offend your gracious eyesight: but because
Your justice by your mercy's ignorant hand
Hath her fair eyes put out, and walks now blind
Even by the pit's edge deathward, pardon me
If what you never should have seen be shown
By hands that rather would take fire in hand
Than lay in yours this writing.

Gives her a letter.

Eliz. By this light,
Whate'er be here, thou hadst done presumptuously,
And Walsingham thy principal, to keep
Aught from mine eyes that being to me designed
Might even with most offence enlighten them.
Here is her hand indeed; and she takes up

Reading.

In gracious wise enough the charge imposed
By promise on her and desire of ours,
How loth soe'er she be, regretfully
To bring such things in question of discourse

Yet with no passion but sincerity,
As God shall witness her, declares to us
What our good lady of Shrewsbury said to her
Touching ourself in terms ensuing; whereto
Answering she chid this dame for such belief
And reprehended for licentious tongue
To speak so lewdly of us: which herself
Believes not, knowing the woman's natural heart
And evil will as then to usward. Here
She writes no more than I would well believe
Of her as of the countess. Ha!
Dav. Your grace
Shall but defile and vex your eyes and heart
To read these villainies through.
Eliz. God's death, man! peace:
Thou wert not best incense me toward thine own,
Whose eyes have been before me in them. What!
Was she not mad to write this? *One that had*
Your promise — lay with you times numberless —
All license and all privateness that may
Be used of wife and husband! yea, of her
And more dead men than shame remembers. *God*
Shall stand her witness — with the devil of hell
For sponsor to her vows, whose spirit in her
Begot himself this issue. Ha, the duke!
— Nay, God shall give me patience — and his knave,
And Hatton — God have mercy! nay, but hate,

Hate and constraint and rage have wrecked her wits,
And continence of life cut off from lust,
— This common stale of Scotland, that has tried
The sins of three rank nations, and consumed
Their veins whose life she took not — Italy,
France that put half this poison in her blood,
And her own kingdom that being sick therewith
Vomited out on ours the venomous thing
Whose head we set not foot on — but may God
Make my fame fouler through the world than hers
And ranker in men's record, if I spare
The she-wolf that I saved, the woman-beast,
Wolf-woman — how the Latin rings we know,
And what lewd lair first reared her, and whose hand
Writ broad across the Louvre and Holyrood
Lupanar — but no brothel ever bred
Or breathed so rank a soul's infection, spawned
Or spat such foulness in God's face and man's
Or festered in such falsehood as her breath
Strikes honour sick with, and the spirit of shame
Dead as her fang shall strike herself, and send
The serpent that corruption calls her soul
To vie strange venoms with the worm of hell
And make the face of darkness and the grave
Blush hotter with the fires wherein that soul
Sinks deeper than damnation.

Dav. Let your grace
Think only that but now the thing is known
And self-discovered which too long your love
Too-dangerously hath cherished; and forget
All but that end which yet remains for her,
That right by pity be not overcome.
Eliz. God pity so my soul as I do right,
And show me no more grace alive or dead
Than I do justice here. Give me again
That warrant I put by, being foolish: yea,
Thy word spake sooth — my soul's eyes were put out —
I could not see for pity. Thou didst well —
I am bounden to thee heartily — to cure
My sight of this distemper, and my soul.
Here in God's sight I set mine hand, who thought
Never to take this thing upon it, nor
Do God so bitter service. Take this hence:
And let me see no word nor hear of her
Till the sun see not such a soul alive.

END OF THE FOURTH ACT

ACT V

MARY STUART

ACT V.

SCENE I. —*Mary's Chamber in Fotheringay Castle.*

Mary Stuart and Mary Beaton.

Mary Stuart (*sings*).

O Lord my God,
I have trusted in thee;
O Jesu my dearest one,
Now set me free.
In prison's oppression,
In sorrow's obsession,
I weary for thee.
With sighing and crying
Bowed down as dying,
I adore thee, I implore thee, set me free!

Free are the dead: yet fain I would have had
Once, before all captivity find end,
Some breath of freedom living. These that come,
I think, with no such message, must not find,
For all this lameness of my limbs, a heart
As maimed in me with sickness. Three years gone
When last I parted from the earl marshal's charge,
I did not think to see his face again
Turned on me as his prisoner. Now his wife
Will take no jealousy more to hear of it,

I trust, albeit we meet not as unfriends,
If it be mortal news he brings me. Go,
If I seem ready, as meseems I should,
And well arrayed to bear myself indeed
None otherwise than queenlike in their sight,
Bid them come in. *Exit Mary Beaton.*
I cannot tell at last
If it be fear or hope that should expect
Death: I have had enough of hope, and fear
Was none of my familiars while I lived
Such life as had more pleasant things to lose
Than death or life may now divide me from.
'T is not so much to look upon the sun
With eyes that may not lead us where we will,
And halt behind the footless flight of hope
With feet that may not follow: nor were aught
So much, of all things life may think to have,
That one not cowardly born should find it worth
The purchase of so base a price as this,
To stand self-shamed as coward. I do not think
This is mine end that comes upon me: but
I had liefer far it were than, were it not,
That ever I should fear it.

Enter Kent, Shrewsbury, Beale, and Sheriff.

Sirs, good day:
With such good heart as prisoners have, I bid
You and your message welcome.

Kent. Madam, this

The secretary of the council here hath charge
To read as their commission.
Mary Stuart. Let me hear
In as brief wise as may beseem the time
The purport of it.
Beale. Our commission here
Given by the council under the great seal
Pronounces on your head for present doom
Death, by this written sentence.
Mary Stuart. Ay, my lords?
May I believe this, and not hold myself
Mocked as a child with shadows? In God's name,
Speak you, my lord of Shrewsbury: let me know
If this be dream or waking.
Kent. Verily,
No dream it is, nor dreamers we that pray,
Madam, you meetly would prepare yourself
To stand before God's judgment presently.
Mary Stuart. I had rather so than ever stand again
Before the face of man's. Why speak not you,
To whom I speak, my lord earl marshal? Nay,
Look not so heavily: by my life, he stands
As one at point to weep. Why, good my lord,
To know that none may swear by Mary's life
And hope again to find belief of man
Upon so slight a warrant, should not bring

This trouble on your eyes; look up, and say
The word you have for her that never was
Less than your friend, and prisoner.
Shrewsbury. None save this,
Which willingly I would not speak, I may;
That presently your time is come to die.
Mary Stuart. Why, then, I am well content
to leave a world
Wherein I am no more serviceable at all
To God or man, and have therein so long
Endured so much affliction. All my life
I have ever earnestly desired the love
And friendship of your queen; have warned her
oft
Of coming dangers; and have cherished long
The wish that I but once might speak with her
In plain-souled confidence; being well assured,
Had we but once met, there an end had been
Of jealousies between us: but our foes,
With equal wrong toward either, treacherously
Have kept us still in sunder: by whose craft
And crooked policy hath my sister's crown
Fallen in great peril, and myself have been
Imprisoned, and inveterately maligned,
And here must now be murdered. But I know
That only for my faith's sake I must die,
And this to know for truth is recompense
As large as all my sufferings. For the crime

Wherewith I am charged, upon this holy book
I lay mine hand for witness of my plea,
I am wholly ignorant of it; and solemnly
Declare that never yet conspiracy
Devised against the queen my sister's life
Took instigation or assent from me.
Kent. You swear but on a popish Testament:
Such oaths are all as worthless as the book.
Mary Stuart. I swear upon the book wherein I trust:
Would you give rather credit to mine oath
Sworn on your scriptures that I trust not in?
Kent. Madam, I fain would have you heartily
Renounce your superstition; toward which end
With us the godly dean of Peterborough,
Good Richard Fletcher, well approved for faith
Of God and of the queen, is hither come
To proffer you his prayerful ministry.
Mary Stuart. If you, my lords, or he will pray for me,
I shall be thankful for your prayers; but may not
With theirs that hold another faith mix mine.
I pray you therefore that mine almoner may
Have leave to attend on me, that from his hands
I, having made confession, may receive
The sacrament.
Kent. We may not grant you this.
Mary Stuart. I shall not see my chaplain ere I die?

But two months gone this grace was granted me
By word expressly from your queen, to have
Again his ministration: and at last
In the utter hour and bitter strait of death
Is this denied me?
Kent. Madam, for your soul
More meet it were to cast these mummeries out
And bear Christ only in your heart, than serve
With ceremonies of ritual hand and tongue
His mere idolatrous likeness.
Mary Stuart. This were strange
That I should bear him visible in my hand
Or keep with lips and knees his titular rites
And cast in heart no thought upon him. Nay,
Put me, I pray, to no more argument:
But if this least thing be not granted, yet
Grant me to know the season of my death.
Shrews. At eight by dawn to-morrow you must die.
Mary Stuart. So shall I hardly see the sun again.
By dawn to-morrow? meanest men condemned
Give not their lives' breath up so suddenly:
Howbeit, I had rather yield you thanks, who make
Such brief end of the bitterness of death
For me who have borne such bitter length of life,
Than plead with protestation of appeal

For half a piteous hour's remission: nor
Henceforward shall I be denied of man
Aught, who may never now crave aught again
But whence is no denial. Yet shall this
Not easily be believed of men, nor find
In foreign ears acceptance, that a queen
Should be thrust out of life thus. Good my friend,
Bid my physician Gorion come to me:
I have to speak with him — sirs, with your leave —
Of certain monies due to me in France.
What, shall I twice desire your leave, my lords,
To live these poor last hours of mine alive
At peace among my friends? I have much to do,
And little time wherein to do it is left.
Shrews. (*to Kent apart*). I pray she may not mean worse than I would
Against herself ere morning.
Kent. Let not then
This French knave's drugs come near her, nor himself:
We will take order for it.
Shrews. Nay, this were but
To exasperate more her thwarted heart, and make
Despair more desperate than itself. Pray God
She be not minded to compel us put
Force at the last upon her of men's hands

To hale her violently to death, and make
Judgment look foul and fierce as murder's face
With stain of strife and passion.

Exeunt all but Mary Stuart and Mary Beaton.

Mary Stuart. So, my friend,
The last of all our Maries are you left
To-morrow. Strange has been my life, and now
Strange looks my death upon me: yet, albeit
Nor the hour nor manner of it be mine to choose
Ours is it yet, and all men's in the world,
To make death welcome in what wise we will.
Bid you my chaplain, though he see me not,
Watch through the night and pray for me: perchance,
When ere the sundawn they shall bring me forth,
I may behold him, and upon my knees
Receive his blessing. Let our supper be
Served earlier in than wont was: whereunto
I bid my true poor servants here, to take
Farewell and drink at parting to them all
The cup of my last kindness, in good hope
They shall stand alway constant in their faith
And dwell in peace together: thereupon
What little store is left me will I share
Among them, and between my girls divide
My wardrobe and my jewels severally,
Reserving but the black robe and the red
That shall attire me for my death: and last

With mine own hand shall be my will writ out
And all memorials more set down therein
That I would leave for legacies of love
To my next kinsmen and my household folk.
And to the king my brother yet of France
Must I write briefly, but a word to say
I am innocent of the charge whereon I die
Now for my right's sake claimed upon this crown,
And our true faith's sake, but am barred from sight
Even of mine almoner here, though hard at hand;
And I would bid him take upon his charge
The keeping of my servants, as I think
He shall not for compassionate shame refuse
Albeit his life be softer than his heart;
And in religion for a queen's soul pray
That once was styled Most Christian, and is now
In the true faith about to die, deprived
Of all her past possessions. But this most
And first behoves it, that the king of Spain
By Gorion's word of mouth receive my heart,
Who soon shall stand before him. Bid the leech
Come hither, and alone, to speak with me.

Exit Mary Beaton.

She is dumb as death: yet never in her life
Hath she been quick of tongue. For all the rest,
Poor souls, how well they love me, all as well
I think I know: and one of them or twain
At least may surely see me to my death

Ere twice the hours have changed again. Perchance
Love that can weep not would the gladlier die
For those it cannot weep on. Time wears thin:
They should not now play laggard: nay, he comes,
The last that ever speaks alone with me
Before my soul shall speak alone with God.

Enter Gorion.

I have sent once more for you to no such end
As sick men for physicians: no strong drug
May put the death next morning twelve hours back
Whose twilight overshadows me, that am
Nor sick nor medicinable. Let me know
If I may lay the last of all my trust
On you that ever shall be laid on man
To prove him kind and loyal.

Gorion. So may God
Deal with me, madam, as I prove to you
Faithful, though none but I were in the world
That you might trust beside.

Mary Stuart. With equal heart
Do I believe and thank you. I would send
To Paris for the ambassador from Spain
This letter with two diamonds, which your craft
For me must cover from men's thievish eyes
Where they may be not looked for.

Gor. Easily
Within some molten drug may these be hid,
And faithfully by me conveyed to him.
Mary Stuart. The lesser of them shall he keep in sign
Of my good friendship toward himself: but this
In token to King Philip shall he give
That for the truth I die, and dying commend
To him my friends and servants, Gilbert Curle,
His sister, and Jane Kennedy, who shall
To-night watch by me; and my ladies all
That have endured my prison: let him not
Forget from his good favour one of these
That I remember to him: Charles Arundel,
And either banished Paget; one whose heart
Was better toward my service than his hand,
Morgan: and of mine exiles for their faith,
The prelates first of Glasgow and of Ross;
And Liggons and Throgmorton, that have lost
For me their leave to live on English earth;
And Westmoreland, that lives now more forlorn
Than died that earl who rose for me with him.
These I beseech him favour for my sake
Still: and forget not, if he come again
To rule as king in England, one of them
That were mine enemies here: the treasurer first,
And Leicester, Walsingham, and Huntingdon,
At Tutbury once my foe, fifteen years gone,

And Wade that spied upon me three years since,
And Paulet here my gaoler: set them down
For him to wreak wrath's utmost justice on,
In my revenge remembered. Though I be
Dead, let him not forsake his hope to reign
Upon this people: with my last breath left
I make this last prayer to him, that not the less
He will maintain the invasion yet designed
Of us before on England: let him think,
It is God's quarrel, and on earth a cause
Well worthy of his greatness: which being won,
Let him forget no man of these nor me.
And now will I lie down, that four hours' sleep
May give me strength before I sleep again
And need take never thought for waking more.

Scene II. — *The Presence Chamber.*

Shrewsbury, Kent, Paulet, Drury, Melville, and Attendants.

Kent. The stroke is past of eight.
Shrewsbury. Not far, my lord.
Kent. What stays the provost and the sheriff yet
That went ere this to bring the prisoner forth?
What, are her doors locked inwards? then perchance
Our last night's auguries of some close design

By death contrived of her self-slaughterous hand
To baffle death by justice hit but right
The heart of her bad purpose.
Shrews. Fear it not:
See where she comes, a queenlier thing to see
Than whom such thoughts take hold on.

Enter Mary Stuart, led by two gentlemen and preceded by the Sheriff; Mary Beaton, Barbara Mowbray, and other ladies behind, who remain in the doorway.

Melville (*kneeling to Mary*). Woe am I,
Madam, that I must bear to Scotland back
Such tidings watered with such tears as these.
Mary Stuart. Weep not, good Melville: rather should your heart
Rejoice that here an end is come at last
Of Mary Stuart's long sorrows; for be sure
That all this world is only vanity.
And this record I pray you make of me,
That a true woman to my faith I die,
And true to Scotland and to France: but God
Forgive them that have long desired mine end
And with false tongues have thirsted for my blood
As the hart thirsteth for the water-brooks.
O God, who art truth, and the author of all truth,
Thou knowest the extreme recesses of my heart,
And how that I was willing all my days
That England should with Scotland be fast friends.

Commend me to my son: tell him that I
Have nothing done to prejudice his rights
As king: and now, good Melville, fare thee well.
My lord of Kent, whence comes it that your charge
Hath bidden back my women there at door
Who fain to the end would bear me company?
Kent. Madam, this were not seemly nor discreet,
That these should so have leave to vex men's ears
With cries and loose lamentings: haply too
They might in superstition seek to dip
Their handkerchiefs for relics in your blood.
Mary Stuart. That will I pledge my word they shall not. Nay,
The queen would surely not deny me this,
The poor last thing that I shall ask on earth.
Even a far meaner person dying I think
She would not have so handled. Sir, you know
I am her cousin, of her grandsire's blood,
A queen of France by marriage, and by birth
Anointed queen of Scotland. My poor girls
Desire no more than but to see me die.
Shrews. Madam, you have leave to elect of this your train
Two ladies with four men to go with you.
Mary Stuart. I choose from forth my Scottish following here

Jane Kennedy, with Elspeth Curle: of men,
Bourgoin and Gorion shall attend on me,
Gervais and Didier. Come then, let us go.

Exeunt: manent Mary Beaton and Barbara Mowbray.

Barbara. I wist I was not worthy, though my child
It is that her own hands made Christian: but
I deemed she should have bid you go with her.
Alas, and would not all we die with her?

Mary Beaton. Why, from the gallery here at hand your eyes
May go with her along the hall beneath
Even to the scaffold: and I fain would hear
What fain I would not look on. Pray you, then,
If you may bear to see it as those below,
Do me that sad good service of your eyes
For mine to look upon it, and declare
All that till all be done I will not see;
I pray you of your pity.

Barb. Though mine heart
Break, it shall not for fear forsake the sight
That may be faithful yet in following her,
Nor yet for grief refuse your prayer, being fain
To give your love such bitter comfort, who
So long have never left her.

Mary Beaton. Till she die—
I have ever known I shall not till she die.

See you yet aught? if I hear spoken words,
My heart can better bear these pulses, else
Unbearable, that rend it.
Barb. Yea, I see
Stand in mid hall the scaffold, black as death,
And black the block upon it: all around,
Against the throng a guard of halberdiers;
And the axe against the scaffold-rail reclined
And two men masked on either hand beyond:
And hard behind the block a cushion set,
Black, as the chair behind it.
Mary Beaton. When I saw
Fallen on the scaffold once a young man's head,
Such things as these I saw not. Nay, but on:
I knew not that I spake: and toward your ears
Indeed I spake not.
Barb. All those faces change;
She comes more royally than ever yet
Fell foot of man triumphant on this earth,
Imperial more than empire made her, born
Enthroned as queen sat never. Not a line
Stirs of her sovereign feature: like a bride
Brought home she mounts the scaffold; and her eyes
Sweep regal round the cirque beneath, and rest,
Subsiding with a smile. She sits, and they,
The doomsmen earls, beside her; at her left

The sheriff, and the clerk at hand on high,
To read the warrant.

Mary Beaton. None stands there but knows
What things therein are writ against her: God
Knows what therein is writ not. God forgive
All.

Barb. Not a face there breathes of all the throng
But is more moved than hers to hear this read,
Whose look alone is changed not.

Mary Beaton. Once I knew
A face that changed not in as dire an hour
More than the queen's face changes. Hath he not
Ended?

Barb. You cannot hear them speak below:
Come near and hearken; bid not me repeat
All.

Mary Beaton. I beseech you — for I may not come.

Barb. Now speaks Lord Shrewsbury but a word or twain,
And brieflier yet she answers, and stands up
As though to kneel, and pray.

Mary Beaton. I too have prayed —
God hear at last her prayers not less than mine,
Which failed not, sure, of hearing.

Barb. Now draws nigh
That heretic priest, and bows himself, and thrice

Strives, as a man that sleeps in pain, to speak,
Stammering: she waves him by, as one whose prayers
She knows may nought avail her: now she kneels,
And the earls rebuke her, and she answers not,
Kneeling. O Christ, whose likeness there engraved
She strikes against her bosom, hear her! Now
That priest lifts up his voice against her prayer,
Praying: and a voice all round goes up with his:
But hers is lift up higher than climbs their cry,
In the great psalms of penitence; and now
She prays aloud in English; for the Pope
Our father, and his church; and for her son,
And for the queen her murderess; and that God
May turn from England yet his wrath away;
And so forgives her enemies; and implores
High intercession of the saints with Christ,
Whom crucified she kisses on his cross,
And crossing now her breast — Ah, heard you not?
Even as thine arms were spread upon the cross,
So make thy grace, O Jesus, wide for me,
Receive me to thy mercy so, and so
Forgive my sins.

Mary Beaton. So be it, if so God please.
Is she not risen up yet?

Barb. Yea, but mine eyes

Darken: because those deadly twain close masked
Draw nigh as men that crave forgiveness, which
Gently she grants: *for now*, she said, *I hope*
You shall end all my troubles. Now meseems
They would put hand upon her as to help,
And disarray her raiment: but she smiles —
Heard you not that? can you not hear nor speak,
Poor heart, for pain? *Truly*, she said, *my lords*,
I never had such chamber-grooms before
As these to wait on me.
Mary Beaton. An end, an end.
Barb. Now come those twain upon the scaffold up
Whom she preferred before us: and she lays
Her crucifix down, which now the headsman takes
Into his cursed hand, but being rebuked
Puts back for shame that sacred spoil of hers.
And now they lift her veil up from her head
Softly, and softly draw the black robe off,
And all in red as of a funeral flame
She stands up statelier yet before them, tall
And clothed as if with sunset: and she takes
From Elspeth's hand the crimson sleeves, and draws
Their covering on her arms: and now those twain
Burst out aloud in weeping: and she speaks —
Weep not; I promised for you. Now she kneels;

And Jane binds round a kerchief on her eyes:
And smiling last her heavenliest smile on earth,
She waves a blind hand toward them, with *Farewell,*
Farewell, to meet again: and they come down
And leave her praying aloud, *In thee, O Lord,*
I put my trust: and now, that psalm being through,
She lays between the block and her soft neck
Her long white peerless hands up tenderly,
Which now the headsman draws again away,
But softly too: now stir her lips again —
Into thine hands, O Lord, into thine hands,
Lord, I commend my spirit: and now — but now,
Look you, not I, the last upon her.
Mary Beaton. Ha!
He strikes awry: she stirs not. Nay, but now
He strikes aright, and ends it.
Barb. Hark, a cry.
Voice below. So perish all found enemies of the queen!
Another Voice. Amen.
Mary Beaton. I heard that very cry go up
Far off long since to God, who answers here.

THE END.

Notes to Mary Stuart

For purely biographical material see the Index of Persons.

1. The motto from Æschylus is thus translated by Plumptre:

"Now for the tongue of bitter hate let tongue
Of bitter hate be given. Loud and long
The voice of Justice claiming now her debt;
And for the murderous blow
Let him who slew with murderous blow repay.
'That the wrong-doer bear the wrong he did,'
Thrice-ancient saying of a far-off time,
This speaketh as we speak."

3. as the first part . . . was dedicated. The dedication of *Chastelard* runs as follows: "I dedicate this play, as a partial expression of reverence and gratitude, to the chief of living poets; to the first dramatist of his age; to the greatest exile, and therefore to the greatest man of France; to Victor Hugo." This is followed by an extract from Maundevile's *Voiage and Travaile*, ch. xxviii. "Another Yle is there toward the Northe, in the See Occean, where that ben fulle cruele and ful evele Wommen of Nature; and thei han precious Stones in hire Eyen; and thei ben of that kynde, that zif they beholden ony man, thei sley him anon with the beholdynge, as dothe the Basilisk." *Bothwell* has a motto from Æschylus, and a dedication *à Victor Hugo*, in the form of a French sonnet.

4. Time. The dates given by Swinburne are New Style. In Old Style they become August 4 and February 8. Old Style is used for all the dates in these notes. When a date, however, falls between January 1 and March 21, it is credited to the calendar year of our modern reckoning. Thus the date of Mary's execution is given as February 8, 1587, instead of 1586–7.

7. Act I. Scene I. Date August 4, 1586.

7, 5. Shall bleach to death in prison. The date of this scene is August 4, 1586. Mary Stuart has been a prisoner of Elizabeth, or at least an unwilling guest, for eighteen years.

11, 112. **he that went forth huntsman.** Actæon, for his boastfulness changed by Artemis into a stag, and torn to pieces by his own hounds on Mount Cithæron.

13–14, 157–58. **This is . . . queen.** The letter is dated July 17, 1586, and may be found in Labanoff's *Recueil* (6, 383), together with a discussion of its authenticity. It has been the subject of much controversy, since it was mainly upon the evidence of this letter that Mary was convicted. Her defenders have claimed that the incriminating passages were interpolations forged by Phillipps, Walsingham's spy. According to the testimony of Nau and Curle, there was first a French minute in Mary's autograph, then a copy of this minute made by Nau and given to Curle, then an English translation of this copy, made by Curle and by him put into cipher. Phillipps intercepted this cipher, translated it for Walsingham, and then took it to London, and passed it on to Babington, July 29. Phillipps thus had the letter in his possession for more than ten days. It is only in this (possibly) altered form that the letter has been preserved. The intermediate forms, which were certainly in the hands of the ministers, mysteriously disappeared. Babington, of course, received the entire contents of the letter in good faith.

16, 221–22. **by what means . . . proceed.** This passage, and the later passage (19, 278–293) of sixteen lines, **We can make no day sure . . . cut the common posts off,** are believed by Mary's defenders to have been forged by Walsingham or Phillipps.

16, 224. **this last hold.** Chartley Castle.

17, 230. **the ambassador of Spain in France.** Mendoza.

17, 250–51. **the plot laid of the Puritan part.** This plot seems to have been an invention of Mary.

24, 403. **the envoy sent from France.** Châteauneuf, who had just been appointed to succeed Mauvissière.

24, 413. **the Castle of Dudley.** A few miles south of Chartley, near Birmingham.

28, 493. **those following four.** Burghley, Walsingham, Hunsdon, and Knowles, named in the following speech.

28–29, 515–16. **at first She writes me, etc.** A brief dated June 25, 1586.

35, 671. Good Captain Ballard, Father Fortescue. Father Ballard assumed the name of Captain Fortescue when he visited England in disguise.

39, 748. Fly; farewell. All the conspirators but Ballard escaped arrest at this time, but were soon thereafter tracked to their hiding-places and captured.

40. Act I. Scenes II, III. Dated August 8, 1586.

40. Chartley. Chartley Manor is in Staffordshire, and then belonged to the Earl of Essex. The castle is now a ruin.

41, 7. The gospeller that bade us to the sport. Sir Amias Paulet, contemptuously called "gospeller" on account of his rigid Puritanism.

41, 22. Since you rode last. Mary's flight to the border after her defeat at Langside, when she rode sixty miles in one day.

42, 36. The letter that I writ, etc. "The famous and terrible letter in which, with many gracious excuses and professions of regret and attachment, she transmits to Elizabeth a full and vivid report of the hideous gossip retailed by Bess of Hardwick regarding her character and person at a time when the reporter of these abominations was on friendly terms with her husband's royal charge." Swinburne. This letter (conjecturally dated November, 1584) may be read in Labanoff's *Recueil*, 6, 50. It is preserved among the Cecil papers at Hatfield House, and has never left the possession of Burghley's descendants. Labanoff's belief is that it was never seen by Elizabeth, but was either despatched to her and intercepted by Burghley, or was not sent at all, but seized with Mary's other papers at Chartley in 1586.

43, 54. That other Bess. Elizabeth of Hardwick, Countess of Shrewsbury.

45, 116. Her and her sons . . . four. This is an error. The Countess of Shrewsbury had issue only by the second of her four husbands. The Countess and her sons circulated a scandalous story about Mary and the Earl of Shrewsbury, which they were afterwards forced to retract.

46, 128. her kindless lovers. Unnatural lovers. "Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless villain!" *Hamlet*, II, 2.

46, 132. Her chamberlain. Sir Christopher Hatton.

46, 140. another born her man. Leicester.

46, 144. **one base-born, a stranger.** One Simier, in attendance upon the Duc d'Anjou.

46, 147. **the duke . . . should be.** The Duc d'Alençon, afterwards Duc d'Anjou, son of Catherine de' Medici, and brother of Charles IX and Henry III. Although much younger than Elizabeth, he was proposed to her for a husband, and she kept him "hoping and languishing" for twelve years, until his death in 1584.

51, 243–44. **Parma stands . . . stead.** The Prince of Parma was a nephew of Don John of Austria.

51, 248. **our kinsman king.** Henry III, brother of Mary's first husband.

53, 311. **My heart . . . quicken.** Note that this line is broken, and completed after the interpolated song.

55, 337. **Poor boy that played her bridegroom!** Francis II, married to Mary at the age of fifteen.

55, 349. **Doth he wait on you, etc.** Thomas Phillippe, secretary and spy of Walsingham. "This Phillippes is of low stature, slender every way, dark yellow heared on the head and cleare yellow bearded, eated in the face with small pockes, of short sight, thirtye yeares of age by apparance and as is sayd secretarye Walsingham's man." Letter from Mary to Morgan, July 17, 1586.

57, 397. **Tixall.** An estate near Chartley, owned by Sir Walter Aston.

62, 499–500. **last month You writ my master word, etc.** Paulet to Walsingham, June 29, 1586. See Paulet's *Letter Book*, 211.

63, 522. **the brewer, your honest man.** It was arranged by the treacherous Gifford that the Burton brewer who supplied Chartley with ale should provide a special cask for Mary and her household. This cask was furnished with a false bottom, by means of which letters were received and despatched. All this correspondence was brought into the hands of Walsingham.

66, 605. **the old saw.** "Out of God's blessing into the warm sun." A proverbial phrase of uncertain origin and meaning.

> "Good King, that must approve the common saw,
> Thou out of heaven's benediction comest
> To the warm sun!" *King Lear*, II, 2.

68, 36. Tutbury. In January, 1585, Mary was removed from Wingfield Manor to Tutbury Castle in Staffordshire, where she had been held for a time in 1569. In April, Sir Amias Paulet was appointed her keeper. On the Christmas Eve following she was removed to Chartley Castle in the same county.

68, 37. Your birthright in this land. Paulet belonged to a Somerset family, and his childhood was spent in that county and in Devonshire.

72, 135–36. you That have this gallant office. Sir Thomas Gorges.

73, 146. A face beside you, etc. Sir William Wade.

76, 218. and her with me. Mary Beaton.

79. Act II. Scene I. Dated late in August, 1586.

79. Windsor Castle. The royal residence on the Thames, near London, occupied by many English sovereigns from William the Conqueror to Victoria.

83, 90. the Parmesan. Alessandro Farnese, Prince of Parma, and governor of the Netherlands.

87, 187. with more pains, etc. The most shocking barbarity was shown in the execution of Babington and his accomplices.

89. Act II. Scene II. Mary returned to Chartley, August 30. This scene must be dated soon after.

89, 12. seventeen days. From August 8 to August 30, according to Labanoff.

91, 45–47. the witness borne . . . By those her secretaries. Nau and Curle were interrogated September 2, and again September 20.

91, 55. The Frenchman. Curle.

93, 87. the most faithful head, etc. Chastelard was executed February 22, 1563.

93, 107. That I shall never leave her till she die. "But I will never leave you till you die." The closing line of *Bothwell*.

99. Tyburn. The place of execution of these conspirators was not Tyburn, but "a fielde at the upper end of Holborne, hard by the high way side to S. Giles."

100, 13–15. one that shall die . . . to his defence. Babington.

102, 74. **Shows seven for dead, etc.** Babington, Ballard, Tichborne, Savage, Barnwell, Tilney, and Abington were executed September 20, 1586. Salisbury, Donn, Jones, Charnock, Travers, Gage, and Bellamy were executed on the day following.

103, 98. **that hallowed earth.** Ireland.

105, 150. **And that my brother may possess, etc.** Babington's estates, which were large, were forfeited to the crown, and afterwards bestowed upon Ralegh by Elizabeth.

106, 168. **and verified a saying in me, etc.** Silence gives consent.

111. **Act III.** Dated October 14, 1586.

111. **Fotheringay Castle.** Situated in Northamptonshire, near Peterborough. The trial of Mary took place here October 14–15, 1586, and her execution February 8, 1587. The castle was demolished in the seventeenth century.

111. **The Commissioners.** Forty-six peers and privy councillors constituted the commission for the trial of Mary. They were appointed October 6, and thirty-six of them assembled at Fotheringay October 12. Mary at first refused to appear before them, but afterwards consented under protest, and the trial began October 14.

115, 103. **that secretary's.** Walsingham.

116, 116. **the pope's bull.** The bull of Pius V, excommunicating and dethroning Elizabeth, was issued in 1570. Similar bulls were issued by Gregory XIII and Sixtus V.

122, 277. **her, who contrariwise, etc.** "When Burghley brought against her the unanswerable charge of having at that moment in her service, and in receipt of an annual pension, the instigator of a previous attempt on the life of Elizabeth, she had the unwary audacity to cite in her justification the pensions allowed by Elizabeth to her adversaries in Scotland, and especially to her son. It is remarkable that just two months later, in a conversation with her keepers, she again made use of the same extraordinary argument in reply to the same inevitable imputation, and would not be brought to admit that the two cases were other than parallel." Swinburne.

125, 349. **Esther than Judith.** Instead of playing the part of Judith, who slew Holophernes, she would rather, like Esther, save her people from massacre.

126, 387. **An act against their lives, etc.** In Octo-

ber, 1584, "Walsingham and Burghley between them bethought them of a new and special appeal to the loyalty of the country. An 'Instrument of an Association for the preservation of the Queen's Majesty's Royal person' was drawn up with great care and circulated not only among the clergy and nobility, but among freeholders, farmers, and all men of substance in the several counties of England and Wales. . . . The signatories bound themselves under an oath to preserve the Queen's person with their substance and their lives, and to 'pursue to utter extermination' all who should attempt to harm her 'or claim succession to the crown by the untimely death of her Majesty.'" Augustus Jessopp. The provisions of this instrument were embodied in an Act of Parliament a few weeks later. It may be added that Mary subscribed to this "bond of association."

141. **Act IV. Scene I.** Dated November 28, 1586. Bellièvre had three interviews with Elizabeth, November 28, December 5, and December 24. The first of them is represented in this scene.

141. **Richmond.** On the Thames, between London and Windsor. Here Elizabeth often held court, and here she died. The palace was demolished in 1648.

141, 6–8. **To take off . . . Authority.** At midnight of the second day of Mary's trial at Fotheringay, Elizabeth sent a message to the commissioners adjourning the case to the Star-Chamber.

142, 26. **piteous challenge and imperial plea.** Mary's letter to Elizabeth, ? November 19, 1586. Labanoff, 6, 444.

144, 78. **Wise Plato's word.** See the Third Book of *The Republic*. Jowett's Plato, III, 104.

145, 111. **These nineteen . . . reign.** Elizabeth had been upon the throne for nearly twenty-nine years. It may be that Bellièvre means the (nearly) nineteen years since Mary came to England.

145, 115. **rampire.** Rampart. The meaning is that fear of Mary's succession and a Catholic restoration had rallied the English people to Elizabeth's support, and that it would be ruinous to England to have this cause of unity removed.

146, 122. **A certain prince's minister.** Mendoza, Philip's ambassador, formerly to England, now to France.

147, 144. **she hath three times sought my life.** The plots of Parry and Babington are two of the three mentioned.

Swinburne's coupling of the names of Lopez and Parry (82, 65) seems to indicate that the plot of Lopez stood in his mind as the third (see *Index of Persons*). Otherwise, the third would be supplied by Arden or Somerville, implicated in the Throckmorton conspiracy.

147, 158. **who now this second time, etc.** Morgan instigated Parry's attempted assassination as well as the Babington conspiracy.

150, 226–27. **the claim . . . Philip.** Should the Prince of Parma invade England, France would stand in greater peril from Spain than when menaced only by the claim of Philip to the English succession.

150, 232. **Steer any way, etc.** The death of Mary might lead to a Spanish occupation of England, thereby exposing France to danger from both north and south.

151, 247. **The smooth-cheeked French man-harlot, nor that hand, etc.** Charles IX of France and Philip II of Spain.

152, 274. **those twain that come, etc.** Gray and Sir Robert Melville. Melville was honest in his efforts to save Mary, but Gray, who ostensibly pleaded for her, wrote to Walsingham advising that she be murdered in secret.

154, 331. **his dead father's slayer.** Bothwell.

154, 337. **that brother-in-law that was of ours.** Philip II.

157, 407. **what fire of joy brake forth, etc.** "From tower and steeple the bells crashed out, unceasing for a whole day and night. Church answered church till the news had been borne to the furthest glen in Cumberland. London was illuminated. Faggots blazed in town and village; and a shout of exultation rose out of every loyal throat." Froude.

161, 492–93. **She to this Makes bitter answer, etc.** The matter here given is paraphrased from Mary's letter to the Archbishop of Glasgow, November 24, 1586. Labanoff, 6, 466.

162, 522. **Be persecuted even as David once.** When Saul sent messengers to slay David in his house, he escaped through the window (1 Samuel xix, 12). Afterwards, Saul was defeated and

slain on Mount Gilboa by the Philistines, and David succeeded him as king of Israel (1 Samuel xxxi, 1).

162, 528. Our shield shall not, etc. "For there the shield of the mighty is vilely cast away, the shield of Saul, as though he had not been anointed with oil." (2 Samuel i, 21.)

163. Act IV. Scene II. Dated December 17, 1586. This date is determined by one of Paulet's letters.

165, 54. this hue and cry. "Rumours were spread, that London was fired, and the Queen of Scots had escaped; precepts were sent to the several towns, to retake the fugitive." G. Chalmers.

166, 81. Those treasons of the French ambassador. The ambassador was Châteauneuf. Swinburne says that Elizabeth "had a charge trumped up against him of participation in a conspiracy against her life."

167, 95. this man's tale, etc. See note just preceding. On January 4, 1587, one William Stafford, a notorious reprobate, sought out Destrappes, Châteauneuf's secretary, and took him to see a man named Moody, an inmate of the debtor's prison at Newgate, who offered, for the payment of his debt, to murder Elizabeth. Châteauneuf, being warned of this, indignantly drove Stafford from his presence when the latter appeared. Two days later, Destrappes was arrested and sent to the Tower. Stafford, failing in his attempt at blackmail, brought charges against Châteauneuf, who was summoned to defend himself before a council of ministers. Here Moody was impudent enough to accuse Châteauneuf to his face, but the case was so obviously trumped-up that nothing came of it. There is an anachronism in the discussion of this affair by Paulet and Drury, December 17, 1586.

167, 102. such means as once, etc. The murder of Darnley at Kirk of Field.

170, 179. That oath whereby we stand associated. The bond of association. See note 126, 387.

171, 222. Make heretics of these papers. Burn them.

172, 247–48. God forbid That I should make, etc. "God forbid that I should make so foul a shipwreck of myconscience, or leave so great a blot to my poor posterity, to shed blood without law or warrant." Paulet's *Letter Book*, 362.

176. **Enter Mary Stuart and Mary Beaton.** The material for this scene is taken from Paulet's letter to Davison, December 21, 1586.

176, 343. **a memorial writ, etc.** Mary's last letter to Elizabeth, December 19, 1586.

176, 349. **take the assay of it.** Mary offers to prove, by her own handling of the paper, that it is not poisoned.

177, 365. **your queen's grandsire.** Henry VII.

181, 451–52. **that commission of your causes held At York.** A conference held at York in October, 1568, to inquire into Mary's guilt in connection with the murder of Darnley. It was here that the famous Casket Letters were first produced. No definite conclusion was reached.

181, 459–60. **his book Is extant.** Probably *A Defence of the Honour of the Right Highe, Mightye, and Noble Princesse Marie, Queene of Scotland and Dowager of France, etc.* London, 1569. The book was at once suppressed, and copies of it are very rare.

182, 472. **my lord treasurer.** Burghley.

183, 488–90. **my rebels here . . . have been Maintained.** See note 122, 277.

183, 493–94. **What did she . . . at Newhaven?** Newhaven is Havre de Grace. This is an allusion to Elizabeth's occupation of that port with an English garrison in 1562, at the time of the French civil wars. Curiously enough, Paulet had been asked the same question by Catherine de' Medici in 1577, when he was at the French court.

184, 516. **his entertainment there.** In 1583 Walsingham was sent to Edinburgh to judge of affairs at close quarters, and to dissuade James from negotiating with Spain in his mother's behalf. He went reluctantly, and his mission was unfruitful.

188, 612–13. **some one said I must be perilous ever.**

> "Men must love you in life's spite;
> For you will always kill them; man by man
> Your lips will bite them dead; yea, though you would,
> You shall not spare one; all will die of you."
>
> *Chastelard*, v, 2.

190, 668 my poor servant slain before my face. David Rizzio.

191, 678–79. of him indeed Record was made. He was avenged by the murder of Darnley.

195. Après tant de jours, etc. See *Chastelard*, 1, 2. This exquisite lyric is a notable illustration of Swinburne's French verse. To translate it would be a crime.

197. Act IV, Scene III. Dated February 1, 1587.

197. Greenwich. Situated on the Thames, a few miles below London Bridge. Here Elizabeth was born. The palace was destroyed during the Commonwealth, and afterwards rebuilt, but converted into a hospital.

201, 87. This dainty fellow. Sir Amias Paulet.

202, 112. my lord admiral. Charles Howard, Lord Howard of Effingham, Earl of Nottingham.

202, 124. the lord chancellor. Sir Thomas Bromley.

203, 145. This letter . . . last writ. The letter is dated December 19, 1586. It may be found in Labanoff, 6, 474.

204, 170. her honoured mother's. Mary of Guise.

207, 249–50. the duke . . . and his knave. The Duc d'Anjou, and one Simier, in attendance on him.

208, 263. The she-wolf that I saved, etc. Livy, as a rationalizing explanation of the Romulus and Remus story, suggests that the wolf (lupa) who suckled the princes was a courtesan. Hence the Latin word (lupanar) for brothel. By a sort of pun, this word is brought into relation with the Louvre (Lupara or Louverie) which was originally the name of a hunting-lodge.

213. Act V. Scene I. Dated February 7, 1586.

213. O Lord my God, etc. A translation of the Latin verses composed by Mary just before her execution.

> O Domine Deus, speravi in te !
> O care mi Jesu, nunc libera me !
> In dura catena, in misera poena,
> Languendo, gemendo, et genu flectendo,
> Adoro, imploro ut liberes me.

213, 17. the earl marshal. The Earl of Shrewsbury.

221, 205. that the king of Spain, etc. The author of *La Mort de la Royne d'Ecosse* (in Jebb) says that Mary's physician

and surgeon demanded of Paulet her heart, that they might take it to France.

223, 255. **that earl who rose for me with him.** Thomas Percy, Earl of Northumberland.

223, 259. **the treasurer.** Burghley.

224. **Act V. Scene II.** Dated Wednesday, February 8, 1586.

229, 112. **That heretic priest.** Richard Fletcher, Dean of Peterborough.

230, 122. **the great psalms of penitence.** Miserere mei, Deus, etc. In te, Domine, speravi, etc. Qui habitat in adjutorio, etc.

231, 159. **Weep not . . . you.** "Ne criez vous, j'ay promis pour vous."

232, 170–71. **Into . . . spirit.** In manus tuas, Domine, commendo spiritum meum. Luke xxiii, 46.

232, 175–76. **Voice below . . . Another voice.** The Earl of Kent and the Dean of Peterborough.

Index of Persons[1]

Abington. Edward Abington (or Habington, 1553 ?–1586) was one of the conspirators with Babington. He vehemently maintained his innocence, but was executed with the others.

Allen. William Allen (1532–1594) was a Catholic theologian who left England in 1565, and established a college for English students, first at Douay, then at Rheims. In 1584 he entered upon a course of political intrigue directed against Elizabeth and English Protestantism, and advocated the claims of Philip II to the English throne. He was made a cardinal in August, 1587. The attribution to him of that title in *Mary Stuart* is thus inaccurate.

Arden. Francis Arden had been in the Tower for over two years when mentioned in the play, and was under sentence of death. He remained in prison until his escape in 1597.

Arundel. Philip Howard, first Earl of Arundel (1557–1595), was converted to Catholicism in 1584, and intrigued against Elizabeth. He was sent to the Tower in 1585, and remained a prisoner until his death.

Aston. Sir Walter Aston (*d.* 1589) was the owner of Tixall, an estate near Chartley.

Aubespine. See **Châteauneuf.**

Aumale. Charles de Lorraine, Duc d'Aumale (1556–1631), was an adherent of the League in the French religious wars, and leader of the party after the murder, in 1588, of Henry I, third Duke of Guise. When Sir William Waad was sent to Paris in 1585 to demand the surrender of Morgan, he was waylaid by Aumale near Amiens and given a severe beating.

1 The biographical material of this Index is based chiefly upon the *Dictionary of National Biography*, edited by Leslie Stephen and Sidney Lee. Only such facts are presented as seem necessary for an intelligent reading of the drama.

Babington. Anthony Babington (1561–1586) was a page in the household of Mary Stuart during her imprisonment at Sheffield, and afterwards leader of the Catholic conspiracy in her behalf. He was executed with six of his companions, September 20, 1585.

Ballard. John Ballard (*d.* 1586) was the chief instigator of the Babington conspiracy. He was a Jesuit priest, and visited England disguised as a soldier under the name of Captain Fortescue. He was the first of the conspirators to be executed September 20.

Barnes. Thomas Barnes was an agent of Phillipps in betraying the correspondence conducted by Mary from Chartley.

Barnwell. Robert Barnwell was one of the conspirators with Babington. The *Dictionary of National Biography* gives no account of him except in this connection.

Beale. Robert Beale (1541–1601) was a diplomatist and antiquary, who was sent on numerous missions to Mary, and who accompanied Lord Buckhurst when he informed her of the death-sentence. He had the duty of reading the warrant aloud at Fotheringay just before the execution, of which he has left an account.

Beaton. Mary Beaton is the only character in the tragedy presented in a mainly fictitious light. The real Mary Beaton was, however, one of the "four Maries" who attended the Queen in her earlier years. She married Alexander Ogilvie while the Queen was still in Scotland.

Beaton. See **Glasgow.**

Belleau. Rémy Belleau (1528–1577) was a French poet, and a member of the Pléiade.

Bellièvre. Pomponne de Bellièvre (1529–1607) was sent by the French court to Elizabeth in 1586 to demand Mary's pardon.

Bourgoin. Dominique Bourgoin was Mary's physician, and one of the attendants chosen to accompany her to the scaffold.

Bromley. Sir Thomas Bromley (1530–1587) became Lord Chancellor in 1579, and was active in the prosecution of the Babington conspirators and of Mary. The strain of her trial and execution proved too much for his strength, and he died a few weeks afterward.

Buckhurst. Thomas Sackville, first Earl of Dorset and Baron Buckhurst (1536–1608), was the poet of *A Myrrovre for Magistrates* and *Gorboduc*. He was one of the commissioners for the trial of Mary, but took no part in the proceedings. He was sent to Fotheringay in December, 1586, to announce to Mary the sentence of death.

Burghley. William Cecil, Lord Burghley (1520–1598), was Secretary of State under Elizabeth, and foremost minister of the Crown.

Carey. See **Hunsdon.**

Cecil. See **Burghley.**

Chastelard. Pierre Boscobel de Chastelard (1540–1563) was a French poet who came to Scotland in Mary's train in 1561. Discovered one night hiding in her bed-chamber (his second offence of this sort), he was seized, sentenced, and hanged the next morning, February 22, 1563.

Chateauneuf. Guillaume de l'Aubespine, Marquis de Châteauneuf (1547–1629), was sent in August, 1585, to replace Mauvissière as French ambassador to Elizabeth.

Curle. Elspeth Curle was a sister of Gilbert Curle, and one of Mary's attendants on the scaffold.

Curle. Gilbert Curle was Nau's subordinate as secretary to Mary. Her attendant, Barbara Mowbray, became his wife.

Davison. William Davison (1541?–1608) was secretary of Elizabeth, and assistant to Walsingham. He was named on the commission for the trial of Mary, but took no part in the proceedings. He presented the warrant for Mary's execution to Elizabeth, who signed it, but asked Davison to hint to Mary's keepers that they might privately rid her of her troublesome prisoner. He wrote a letter to that effect, but Paulet and Drury indignantly repudiated the suggestion. After the execution of Mary, he was made a scapegoat by Elizabeth, who charged him with having exceeded his instructions, and he was imprisoned in the Tower for two years.

Didier. Didier Sifflard was an aged servant of Mary, a butler, mentioned in her will, and one of those chosen to accompany her to the scaffold.

Donne. Henry Donn was one of the conspirators tried and executed with Babington.

Drury. Sir Drue Drury (1531?–1617) was a gentleman-usher at Elizabeth's court. In November, 1586, he was sent to Fotheringay to assist Paulet in the wardership of Mary.

Dudley. See **Leicester.**

Egerton. Sir Thomas Egerton, Baron Ellesmere and Viscount Brackley (1540?–1617), was Solicitor-General at the time of Mary's trial.

Elizabeth. Elizabeth, Queen of England and Ireland (1533–1603), was the daughter of Henry VIII and Anne Boleyn. She came to the throne in 1558. Her attitude toward Mary was determined by the fact that the latter laid claim to the throne, and had the support of the Catholic party at home and abroad. Several attempts upon her life were made in the interest of Mary, who connived at, if she did not instigate them. This is the ample justification of Mary's trial and execution.

Ellesmere. See **Egerton.**

Farnese. Alessandro Farnese, Prince of Parma (1546–1592), was an Italian soldier in the service of Philip II, and one of the foremost generals of his age. He succeeded his uncle, Don John of Austria, as governor of the Spanish Netherlands.

Fernihurst. Andrew Ker of Fernihurst was a son-in-law of Sir William Kirkcaldy of Grange, and was by him appointed provost of Edinburgh at the time when that city was being held for Mary against the assault of the English and Scotch partisans of her son.

Fletcher. Richard Fletcher (*d.* 1596) was Dean of Peterborough, and afterwards Bishop of London. He officiated as chaplain at the execution of Mary. He was the father of John Fletcher, the dramatist.

Gage. Robert Gage was one of the conspirators tried and executed with Babington.

Gawdy. Sir Francis Gawdy (*d.* 1606) was Queen's Sergeant, and in that capacity opened the case against Mary on the occasion of her trial.

Gervais. Jacques Gervais was Mary's surgeon, and accompanied her to the scaffold.

Gifford. Gilbert Gifford (1561?–1590) was an unscrupulous scoundrel who acted as a spy in the service of Walsingham. Being a Catholic, and in orders, he gained the confidence of Mary's friends, and betrayed their plans to the government. He encouraged the Babington conspirators, and delivered Mary's letters to his master. He died in prison. "That he was capable of almost any villainy is clear." Sidney Lee.

Gifford. William Gifford (1554–1629) was a lecturer at the English College at Rheims, and afterwards Archbishop and Duke of Rheims, and the first peer of France. There is nothing to indicate that he was related to the spy Gilbert Gifford.

Glasgow. James Beaton (or Bethune), Archbishop of Glasgow (1517–1603), was Mary's representative at the French court for many years, and administered her revenues as dowager of France.

Gorges. Sir Thomas Gorges was a gentleman of Elizabeth's court, sent with Wade to seize Mary's papers at Chartley.

Gorion. Pierre Gorion was Mary's apothecary, and chosen to accompany her to the scaffold. In October, 1587, he returned to Paris, and fulfilled the injunctions laid upon him by reporting to Mendoza. It may be added that the King of Spain scrupulously complied with Mary's requests.

Grange. Sir William Kirkcaldy of Grange (*d.* 1573) was one of Mary's enemies in Scotland, but was later restored to her favor. After the assassination of Murray, he held the castle of Edinburgh for the Queen's party, but was forced to surrender it to the combined forces of James VI and Elizabeth, whereupon he was hanged.

Gray. Patrick Gray, sixth Lord Gray (*d.* 1612), known as the "Master of Gray," was commissioned by Mary to represent her interests at the court of her son James, but betrayed her secrets to him, and plotted against her.

Grey. See **Kent.**

Guise. Francis, second Duke of Guise (1519–1563), was Mary's uncle, and one of the greatest of French generals. He held Metz against Charles V, took Calais from the English, and

brought about the treaty of Cateau-Cambrésis. He was assassinated by a Huguenot nobleman, February 18, 1563.

Guise. Henry I, third Duke of Guise (1550–1588), was a first cousin of Mary. He was the head of the League, and one of the contrivers of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, August 24, 1572. He was assassinated December 23, 1588.

Guise. See **Lorraine.**

Hardwick. See **Shrewsbury.**

Hastings. See **Huntingdon.**

Hatton. Sir Christopher Hatton, Lord Chancellor of England (1540–1591), was a favorite of Elizabeth, and took a prominent part in the trials of Parry, Babington, and Mary.

Howard. Charles Howard, Lord Howard of Effingham, Earl of Nottingham (1536–1624), was a distinguished courtier and Lord High Admiral. He was appointed a commissioner for Mary's trial, but was not present. According to Davison, it was at Howard's urgent request that Elizabeth signed the death-warrant.

Howard. See **Arundel.**

Howard. See **Norfolk.**

Hunsdon. Henry Carey, first Lord Hunsdon (1524?–1596), was cousin to Elizabeth and chamberlain of her household, also the occupant of many responsible positions. He was one of the commissioners for the trial of Mary at Fotheringay.

Huntingdon. Henry Hastings, third Earl of Huntingdon (1535–1595), was for a short time joint custodian (with Shrewsbury) of Mary at Tutbury. He was a zealous Puritan, and a claimant to the throne of England.

James. Son of Mary and Darnley (1566–1625), became James VI of Scotland in 1567 (with Murray as regent), and James I of England after the death of Elizabeth in 1603.

John. Don John of Austria (1547–1578) was an illegitimate son of the Emperor Charles V, and celebrated for his victory over the Turks at Lepanto (1571). He was governor of the Netherlands from 1576 to his death. A marriage with Mary was planned for him, to take place after the conquest of England by Philip II of Spain.

Kennedy. Jane Kennedy was one of the attendants who accompanied Mary to the scaffold. She afterwards married Sir Andrew Melville.

Kent. Henry Grey, sixth Earl of Kent (*d.* 1615), was given charge of Mary's execution, in company with the Earl of Shrewsbury.

Ker. See **Fernihurst.**

Kirkcaldy. See **Grange.**

Knowles. Sir Francis Knollys (1514?–1596) was put in charge of Mary upon her arrival in England, and taught her the English language, trying at the same time to convert her. He acted as a commissioner at the trials of the Babington conspirators and of Mary.

Leicester. Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester (1532?–1588), was Elizabeth's favorite courtier, whom early in her reign she thought of marrying. About 1563, she suggested him as a possible husband for Mary. He became one of Mary's most determined enemies, and urged upon Elizabeth that she be privately murdered.

Leslie. See **Ross.**

Lewis. See **Lodovic.**

Liggons. Ralph Liggons was Mary's agent in Flanders, where he had lived in exile for several years.

Lodovic. Presumably Owen Lewis (1532–1594), a Welsh Catholic, who was Bishop of Cassano (Naples) and held other ecclesiastic offices abroad. He was a friend of Cardinal Allen from their boyhood days, and joint founder with him of the English seminaries at Douay and Rome.

Lopez. Roderigo Lopez was a Portuguese Jew, a physician, who settled in England in 1559, and was implicated in a plot to murder Elizabeth. He was executed in 1594. The allusion in the text is consequently an anachronism.

Lorraine. Charles, Cardinal of Lorraine (1525–1574), was the brother of Francis, Duke of Guise, and Mary's uncle.

Madge. Margaret of Valois, sister of Charles IX, and wife of Henry IV.

Mary Stuart. Mary Queen of Scots (1542–1587) was born in Linlithgow Palace, December 7 or 8, 1542. She was the daughter of James V of Scotland and Mary of Guise. She became an infant queen December 14, 1542, on the death of her father. On July 7, 1548, an arrangement was made for her marriage to the French dauphin, and she was at once sent to France for her education. She was married April 24, 1558. When Mary Tudor died in November of that year, Mary Stuart claimed the crown, and assumed the title of Queen of England, Scotland, and Ireland. On July 10, 1559, her husband became Francis II, King of France. He died December 5, 1560, and she returned to Scotland August 19, 1561. She married Henry Stewart, Lord Darnley, July 29, 1565. It was her intention to restore Catholicism in Scotland, and, with this in view, she gave high office to one David Rizzio, an Italian. Darnley's jealousy was aroused, and he, with a company of angry nobles, dragged Rizzio from her supper-room March 9, 1566, and murdered him. Pretending a reconciliation with Darnley, she escaped with him that night, and fled to Dunbar. She soon raised a powerful force, and entered Edinburgh. Meanwhile, the rebel lords escaped to England. Her son (James VI of Scotland and James I of England) was born June 19, 1566. Becoming hopelessly estranged from Darnley, she took James Hepburn, Earl of Bothwell, more and more into her favor, and plotted with him for the murder of her husband. Darnley, who was ill, was taken to a house in Kirk of Field, near Edinburgh, and was slain there by an explosion of gunpowder, February 9, 1567. Bothwell was charged with the crime, and, after a farcical trial, was acquitted April 12. He was divorced from his wife Catherine Gordon on May 3, and on May 15 became Mary's third husband. The opposing nobles made war upon him, and at Carberry Hill, June 15, Mary surrendered, on condition that Bothwell should be allowed to escape unmolested. Bothwell fled into exile, and Mary was sent to Lochleven. While there she abdicated, and signed an act nominating her half-brother Murray as regent for her infant son. She escaped from Lochleven May 2, 1568, gathered a force about her, and was finally defeated at Langside, May 13. She then crossed the Solway into England, appealing to Elizabeth for protection. Then followed her detention at

Carlisle, Bolton, Tutbury, Wingfield, Tutbury, Coventry, Chatsworth, Sheffield (1570–83), Wingfield, Tutbury, Chartley, and Fotheringay. During these years occurred the Northumberland-Westmoreland plan for a Catholic rising (1569), the Ridolfi conspiracy (1572), the plot for an invasion under the Duke of Guise (1582), and the Babington conspiracy (1586). Mary was also engaged during these years in much active conspiracy with the Catholic enemies of Elizabeth in France, Spain, and Italy. She was tried October 14–15, at Fotheringay, for complicity in the Babington plot. The trial was before a commission of English nobles, and Mary conducted her own defence. After the second day, Elizabeth adjourned the trial to the star-chamber. Here on October 25, with but one dissenting vote, Mary was found guilty by the commissioners. About three weeks later, Buckhurst and Beale brought the verdict to her. The sentence was proclaimed and welcomed throughout England, but Elizabeth did not sign the death-warrant until February 1, 1587. At the same time she sent word to Paulet, Mary's keeper, indicating her displeasure that he should not, in all this time, have found some secret way of doing away with his prisoner. On February 7, Shrewsbury and Kent came to Fotheringay to superintend the execution of the sentence, and on the following morning she was beheaded in the great hall of the castle. She met her death with courage and dignity, solemnly avowing her innocence, and praying for her church and her enemies. Elizabeth pretended that she had never meant the execution to take place, vented her displeasure upon those immediately responsible for it, and gave her victim a royal burial, August 1, in Peterborough Cathedral. The remains were afterwards transferred by James I to Westminster Abbey.

Melville. Sir Andrew Melville was master of the household of Mary during her latter years, and brother of Robert, first Lord Melville. He accompanied his mistress to the scaffold. He afterwards married Jane Kennedy.

Melville. Sir Robert Melville, first Lord Melville, was employed by Mary in diplomatic negotiations with Elizabeth. After the sentence, he was sent by James VI with the Master of Gray to entreat Elizabeth to spare Mary's life.

Mendoza. Don Bernardino de Mendoza was Spanish ambassador to the English court, and was charged with complicity in the Throckmorton conspiracy. In consequence of this he was expelled from the country in January, 1584.

Mildmay. Sir Walter Mildmay (1520?–1589) was Chancellor of the Exchequer, and founder of Emmanuel College, Cambridge. He was one of the commissioners at Mary's trial.

Morgan. Thomas Morgan (1543–1606?) was a Catholic conspirator devoted to the cause of Mary. He was with her in Lord Shrewsbury's castle at Tutbury, where he managed her correspondence. In 1573 he went to Paris, and became her confidential agent abroad. He was implicated in Parry's plot to assassinate Elizabeth, and his surrender was demanded from the French king. This was not granted, but he was imprisoned in the Bastille, where he continued his activities as agent and conspirator. He helped to organize the Babington conspiracy.

Mowbray. Barbara Mowbray was one of Mary's attendants. She married Gilbert Curle, the secretary, and their child was baptized by Mary with her own name.

Murray. Lord James Stewart, Earl of Moray (1531?–1570) was Mary's half-brother and regent of Scotland. He was assassinated by James Hamilton.

Nau. Claude de la Boisselière Nau (*fl.* 1574–1605) was Mary's French secretary from 1575.

Neville. See **Westmoreland.**

Norfolk. Thomas Howard, fourth Duke of Norfolk (1536–1572), was a son of the poet Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey. He was the first subject in England under Elizabeth, and sought to become the fourth husband of Mary Stuart. Conspiring for her liberation, he was executed as a traitor.

Northumberland. Henry Percy, ninth Earl of Northumberland (1564–1632), whose father had died (probably by suicide) in the Tower the year before the date of this mention of the son, was a Protestant, but his intimacy in Paris with Charles Paget placed him under suspicion of being an adherent of Mary's cause.

Northumberland. Thomas Percy, seventh Earl of Northumberland, was beheaded at York, August 22, 1572, for conspiracy against Elizabeth.

Nottingham. See **Howard.**

Paget. Charles Paget (*d.* 1612) was a younger brother of Thomas Paget. He left England about 1572, and settled in Paris, where for many years he intrigued in Mary's cause, and shared in the administration of her immense dowry in France. He was attainted in 1587.

Paget. Thomas, third Lord Paget (*d.* 1590), fled to Paris after the discovery of Throckmorton's conspiracy in 1583. Elizabeth demanded his surrender by the French king, but was refused. He was attainted in 1587, and died in exile.

Parma. See **Farnese.**

Parry. William Parry (*d.* 1585) was a Catholic conspirator, implicated with Morgan and Charles Paget in a plot to murder Elizabeth. Elected to Parliament in 1584, he was expelled a few months later, charged with high treason, convicted, and executed March 2, 1584–85.

Parsons. Robert Parsons (1546–1610) was an English Jesuit, active in intrigue against Elizabeth and the Protestants in England.

Paulet. Sir Amias Paulet (1536?–1588) was the keeper of Mary during her last year. He fulfilled his difficult duties in a strictly conscientious manner, and sternly refused to act upon the suggestion, sent him by Davison, that the secret murder of his prisoner would spare Elizabeth much embarrassment.

Percy. See **Northumberland.**

Philip. Philip II, King of Spain (1527–1598), was the only son of the Emperor Charles V. In 1554 he married Mary Tudor, Queen of England, and after her death attempted to obtain the hand of Elizabeth.

Phillipps. Thomas Phillipps was the secretary and spy of Walsingham who intercepted and deciphered Mary's correspondence. He is known to have lived until 1622, or later.

Pierpoint. Elizabeth Pierpoint was a daughter of Sir Henry Pierpoint, who married Frances Cavendish, one of the children of the Countess of Shrewsbury by her second husband.

The Pope. Gregory XIII (1572–1585), Sixtus V (1585–1590).

Popham. Sir John Popham (1531?–1607) was Attorney-General at the time of Mary's trial.

Ronsard. Pierre de Ronsard (1524–1585), "prince of poets," was the chief of the Pléiade.

Ross. John Leslie, Bishop of Ross (1527–1596), was intimately associated with Mary's affairs from the time of her arrival in Scotland. He was one of her most trusted counsellors, and was concerned in many intrigues on her behalf. From 1574 he represented her interests in Paris and Rome. He was a voluminous writer of historical and political controversy, and the chief literary champion of the Catholic party in Scotland.

Sackville. See **Buckhurst.**

Salisbury. Thomas Salisbury (1555?–1586) was one of the conspirators with Babington. He pleaded guilty to the charge of inciting rebellion and foreign invasion, but denied that he had plotted the assassination of Elizabeth. He was executed September 21, the day after Babington and his six associates; this accounts for the fact that he does not appear in Act II, Scene 3, of the tragedy.

Savage. John Savage (*d.* 1586) was a Catholic soldier. He met Ballard in London in 1586, and volunteered to join the Babington conspiracy. When brought to trial, he confessed to the whole indictment.

Shrewsbury. Elizabeth Talbot, Countess of Shrewsbury (1518–1608), known as "Bess of Hardwick," took the sixth Earl of Shrewsbury for her fourth husband in 1568. She was famous as a builder and as a woman of affairs.

Shrewsbury. George Talbot, sixth Earl of Shrewsbury (1528?–1590), was in charge of Mary from 1569 to 1584. He presided at her execution.

Stuart. See **Murray.**

Talbot. Mary Cavendish was a daughter of the Countess of Shrewsbury, and wife of Gilbert Talbot, son of the Earl of Shrewsbury by a former marriage.

Talbot. See **Shrewsbury.**

Throgmorton. Thomas Throckmorton (*d.* 1595), a brother of the conspirator Francis Throckmorton (executed 1584), settled in Paris as one of Mary's agents in 1582.

Tichborne. Chidiock Tichborne (1558?–1586) was one of the conspirators with Babington. The letter which he wrote to his wife on the eve of his execution is preserved, as well as a poem of three stanzas which he is said to have written in the Tower.

Tilney. Charles Tilney (1561–1586) was one of the conspirators with Babington. He has been mentioned as possibly the author of *The Tragedy of Locrine*, on the strength of a manuscript note to that effect by George Buc, found by Collier in a copy of the 1595 edition of the play.

Wade. Sir William Wade (or Waad) (1546–1623) was a diplomatist who was sent to Mary to propose terms with Elizabeth, who went to Paris to secure Morgan's extradition, and who seized Mary's papers at Chartley.

Walsingham. Sir Francis Walsingham (1536?–1590) was Secretary of State under Elizabeth, and employed upon various foreign missions. He was one of the commissioners on the trial of Mary, and was accused by her partisans of having forged the letters to Babington offered as evidence of her guilt.

Westmoreland. Charles Neville, sixth Earl of Westmoreland (1543–1601), joined the Earl of Northumberland in rebellion against Elizabeth (1569), and escaped into the Spanish Netherlands, where he lived in exile the rest of his life.

Wyatt. Sir Thomas Wyatt the younger (1521?–1554) was a son of the poet, and leader of an insurrection against Mary Tudor in 1554. For this enterprise, undertaken in opposition to her marriage with Philip II, he was executed for high treason.

Chronological List of Writings

1860. The Queen Mother, and Rosamond.
1865. Atalanta in Calydon.
1865. Chastelard: A Tragedy.
1866. Poems and Ballads.
1866. Note on Poems and Reviews.
1867. A Song of Italy.
1868. Siena.
1868. William Blake: A Critical Essay.
1870. Ode on the Proclamation of the French Republic; September 4th, 1870.
1871. Songs before Sunrise.
1872. Under the Microscope.
1874. Bothwell: A Tragedy.
1875. George Chapman.
1875. Essays and Studies.
1875. Songs of Two Nations (A Song of Italy, Ode on the Proclamation of the French Republic, and Diræ).
1876. Erechtheus: A Tragedy.
1876. Note of an English Republican on the Muscovite Crusade.
1877. A Note on Charlotte Brontë.
1878. Poems and Ballads. Second Series.
1880. A Study of Shakespeare.
1880. Songs of the Springtides.
1880. Studies in Song.
1880. Specimens of Modern Poets. The Heptalogia; or, The Seven against Sense. A Cap with Seven Bells.
1881. Mary Stuart: A Tragedy.
1882. Tristram of Lyonesse, and Other Poems.
1883. A Century of Roundels.
1884. A Midsummer Holiday, and Other Poems.
1885. Marino Faliero: A Tragedy.

1886. A Study of Victor Hugo.
1886. Miscellanies.
1887. A Word for the Navy.
1887. Locrine: A Tragedy.
1889. A Study of Ben Jonson.
1889. Poems and Ballads. Third Series.
1892. The Sisters: A Tragedy.
1894. Astrophel, and Other Poems.
1894. Studies in Prose and Poetry.
1896. The Tale of Balen.
1899. Rosamund, Queen of the Lombards.
1904. A Channel Passage, and Other Poems.
1905. Love's Cross Currents.

This list includes all of Swinburne's works that have appeared as individual publications with title-pages of their own. To them should be added *Dead Love* (in *Once-a-Week*, 1862), and *A Year's Letters*, by Mrs. Horace Manners (in *The Tatler*, 1877).

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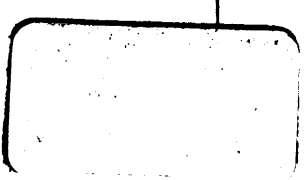

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